

away for him, and the rich old man tears his grey hair, and weeps with tender pity and cruel scorn for Eliza Jane, but is comforted with a bottle of sherry."

"This is horrible," said the poet, aghast.

"Of course it is; that is what you want."

"It is absolute profanity," protested the poet. "And you have entirely lost sight of the inner sense—the subtle meaning of the poem."

"Never have a subtle meaning, my young friend, never. Make your meaning so plain that it will knock the reader right square on the head, or else have no meaning at all, but avoid subtle meanings as you hope to prosper. And now that I have pointed out to you the high road to fame and fortune, I will refresh myself with another pipe."

"I have no inclination whatever to travel that road you have pointed out. I would rather die in obscurity."

"No, you wouldn't. You will think better of it when your boots won't bear any more patching, and when your shirt sleeves burst through the elbows of your coat, as they are about to do. A poet! Pah! The poet's corner in a newspaper is like the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey—a place where they are buried from the ken of living men. Come, young man, don't be down-hearted. You have genius, and you will yet turn it to good account. Here in this roll of manuscript lies buried ten thousand dollars; you must work it up into a sensation novel. Put in murders enough, and don't be sparing with your poisons; let virtue triumph at last; and, above all, make it end happily; and I will insure you a publisher, and twenty per cent profit."

The poet took advantage of a cloud of smoke, which here enveloped the head of the philosopher, and, lifting the roll of the manuscript from the table with that reverent care with which we move the dead, he left the house, and neither he, or his poems, have since been heard from.

A GRAVE REMONSTRANCE WITH SOME ENGLISH TRAVELERS IN HOLLAND.

BY A DUTCHMAN.

To the Editor of the ARGOY.

THE HAGUE, Feb., 1866.

MUCH RESPECTED SIR,

Your Journal being a "Magazine for the Journey," I hope you will excuse me asking you how it is that your tourists and journalists have such a fancy now-a-days for ridiculing us and our country? I thought, after Washington Irving's pleasanties and Albert Smith's waggeries [is that the word?] you would have had enough of it.

But no. Your *beaux esprits* still continue to tax their genius from time to time for a certain quantity of jokes to be fired off at the cost of your harmless neighbors, across the Channel, who since the days when they burnt your ships in the Medway and sent you about your business at Doggersbank, have never put a spoke in your wheel. In those days what was your experience? Did you find Holland a country to joke with? Or is it to give vent to a little remainder of the old grudge, that you now try to prick with needles those who so often made you tremble at the thunder of their cannon? I am almost forced to think so. Even your DAILY TELEGRAPH devotes not less than some twenty columns, running through six numbers (from Dec. 23 to Jan. 8), to the important task of telling nonsense about us, though it cannot help observing "that it is good for an Englishman to come to Holland and to be humble," on remembering that "three old Dutch sea-dogs—(Van Tromp, de Ruyter, and Piet Hien—thrashed us like sacks on our own element, the sea, and smoked victorious pipes as far up an English river as Sheerness."

This, certainly, is much sounder sense than that of the "Scotchman" who, in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE of 1863, speaks of "an Englishman who conquered Tromp," forgetting, however, to give that Englishman's name, and grudging the old Dutch hero the splendid monument which national gratitude and reverence have built upon his grave. But, then, who can tell what blunders a Scotchman may fall into when his porridge and oat-cakes are beyond his reach!

Still the good-humored frankness with which the clever inditer of the articles in the TELEGRAPH abstains from sacrificing history to wit, convinces me that no feeling of revenge can have anything to do with this strange fancy for ridiculing us; and that a more innocent and harmless cause for it must be sought. Moreover, the kind, friendly spirit which for years has prevailed between the two nations, and of which I witnessed many agreeable proofs during a stay of several months in your hospitable country, makes it conclusive to my mind that the old quarrels have been forgotten long since. But for all that we do not exactly receive what we should expect from this *cunctate cordiale*. It is rather disappointing to find our TELEGRAPH censor opening his lengthened account of what he saw, heard, smelt, ate, and drank during a snatch of a visit to our country—with the declaration that "it seems to him that every Dutchman must come into the world with a placard of 'Found drowned' pinned to him;" that the Dutchman is not at all, as is generally supposed by Englishmen, "heavy and phlegmatic, but only suffering from suspended animation;" and that he "enjoys just sufficient vitality to scrub the floors,

[We have pleasure in giving a place to this effusion of Myr-hoe Trommelknokkel, and are not without hope that we may hear from him again. We at first intended to have subdued some what the fervor of his patriotic outbursts; but upon reflection we have allowed them to stand, in consideration of the feeling of injury under which our unknown friend evidently labors. We have not attempted to improve Myr-hoe's language.—THE ARGOY.]

trade to Java, make cheese, cure herrings, drink schnapps, and smoke tobacco."

How very kind! As I do not see the necessity of answering by return post, I shall not tell you how we think an Englishman must come into the world—which, moreover, would be irrelevant, since the way of coming into the world is under no man's control; but I can tell you that we often wonder how an English contrives to get out of the world. We Dutch men, owing perhaps, to our "suspended animation," wait till our last bed is spread, whereupon, after having "made our cheeses and cured our herrings," we gently lie down to depart in peace. But we are amazed to learn that Englishmen, perhaps finding this way of dying too old-fashioned, climb up high mountains to get their limbs smashed, or go down into bears' pits to be dined off by Brownie and her cubs, or swim across vortexes and maelstroms to prepare themselves as a breakfast for the sharks; so that if there be such institutions as eating-houses among brute society, the bills of fare are sure to include such dainties as "shoulder of cockney, hot leg of Englishman," &c. But *de gustibus non est disputandum*. If we have it not in our power to get ourselves born as we should wish, let us at any rate leave it optional to everybody to die as he likes. I only have to say that, as far as regards myself, I much prefer having my animation "suspended" in the Dutch fashion, to having it stopped after the latest English mode.

But we don't wonder that your English tourists should be amused when they thrust their noses into our towns and villages for a couple of days. We know that an Englishman is an islander, and as there are many islands connected with our country, we also know tolerably well what may be expected of islanders. They are, in many respects, like boarding-school boys, who, trained up within the narrow circle of their own number, mould their thoughts, manners, and habits in a certain traditional-stationary-standard form, out of which they can never jump even for a moment. Shut out from the educational influences of society at large, they have never learnt to try other people's forms, nor have they got the jags and notches of their fancies and feelings ground and polished off through contact against other people's thoughts and ideas. Islanders are prone to think that their island is the world. If there is anything beyond it, of course that must be something out of the way—something odd and curious to look at. Englishmen, we cannot help supposing, know no other geographical division of our hemisphere than "England and the adjacent Scythia, called Europe." If they meet with something in Holland which is really better and finer than anything of the sort in their country, they laugh at it at first. Soon, however, they come to enjoy it while abroad; but having returned home, they laugh again, and never think of such a thing as carrying the lesson into practice. Of course not, for if the thing were really better, would it not have sprung up in England? So when observing the large variety of our glorious vegetables, and the delicious way in which we boil and stew, prepare and dress them, you first chuckle about our hot-potch and lilliputian cookery; but it is not long till you relish it, and wonder how human skill could ever have contrived to call into existence such *ambrosia*, which melts in one's mouth and makes one's blood run briskly through the veins. But do you ever think of such a thing as asking for the prescription? Not a bit of it. When you return home, you just do as usual. Of course, I don't speak now of the dinners of your higher classes, which make an exception to this rule, and no wonder, indeed, for they are prepared by Dutch or French cooks. But your common and eating-house going people, what do they enjoy of the glorious vegetable creation, except what we should call boiled fodder? Again, your tourist have seen and enjoyed our spacious, cheerful *estaminets*, with their little tables tastefully arranged throughout the room, so that everybody can have his own dinner, and yet the whole company sits down like a single family. You are imitating them now, I hear; but how many eating-houses are there still in which your carnivorous guests are huddled together in small, narrow, dark, gloomy-looking boxes, like horse stalls, where they must take care not to fill their stomachs to their satisfaction lest they get crammed between the narrow table and the board behind. And you have seen our houses, with their broad, high windows, spacious lofts, or *zolders*, as we call them, for drying or washing and stowing away our lumber, and our excellent cellars for preserving our winter provisions. Could there be anything better adapted or more economical for a household? Yet you continue to build your houses with narrow windows and broad walls between them, without lofts, and without cellars; so that, with a rent of from sixty to eighty pounds, one is shut up in a dull prison, with the permission of turning a bedroom into a lumber-room, and of drying one's washing in the back yard, weather permitting, and of stowing away one's provisions in a musty cupboard. We learn from very old books that our grandfather's great-grandfathers used to build their houses in the same way, and we can understand how it is that islanders, who live at some distance from the general progress of civilization, can still continue to trot along in the self-same rut. But what we cannot so easily understand is, how people who have witnessed the marvels of our development show that all they are capable of doing is to laugh, and to exclaim, "How very funny!"

Now as to England's seclusion; it certainly is not the fault of the English that the Cimbrian flood, or whatever flood it may have been, cut their country

off from Holland. It would be cruel to taunt them with that calamity, and we must acknowledge to their credit that they have made the best of it that they could. Indeed, we wonder that after that most disastrous separation from our society, they have made even so much progress in civilization as we are glad to find among them. But though it was out of their power to span a bridge across the Channel to restore intercourse, they might at least have tried to make up for it by learning our language, and thus establishing a spiritual bridge. But simple as the idea is, it seems they never could come up to it. It is not only through the sea that Englishmen are excluded from the continental civilization, they studiously keep themselves isolated by refusing to learn continental languages. We Dutchmen learn your language as well as French and German; thus we enable the civilizing powers of various nations to have easy access to us. Our TELEGRAPH friend makes a great mistake when he says (Dec. 23) that in Holland, "save among the upper classes, very few persons—not even the waiters in the hotels—speak French," and that "to meet a Frenchman in Holland is as rare as to meet a Chinaman at Walton-on-the-Naze." There may be some truth in that so far as regards Rotterdam, but Rotterdam is not the whole of Holland. I am assured that there are twice as many Frenchmen as Englishmen in Holland; indeed the Hague and Amsterdam teem with them. Nor is there any popular school in any of the Dutch towns, save those for the poor, in which French does not constitute one of the chief branches of the daily teaching. But our good TELEGRAPH commissioner, finding himself for the first time in Rotterdam, seems to have been so overwhelmed by what he witnessed, that he thought he was seeing the whole of Holland at once; very much like that Westphalian grass-mower, who having during a hot summer's toil in the Dutch meadows earned five pounds, thought he had almost drained the Dutch exchequer, and exclaimed, "Holland! Holland! another such pull next summer, and you'll be lying on your back, legs upwards!" So Mr. TELEGRAPH tells you that we are "Anglomaniacs, reading English books, dressing after the English fashions," &c. Probably he left us with the thought, "Holland! Holland! when I come back next time, I shall find you swallowed up by England, skin and bones!" The fact is, that owing to its brisk trade and constant intercourse with England, Rotterdam has gradually introduced many English elements into its style of living, especially among the higher merchant class. But no sooner have you left Rotterdam behind than you see this Anglicising spirit disappear; and if there is any foreign type left noticeable in the Dutch life, it is, alas! more French than English. For proof of this it will be enough to say there are French and also German theatres in our country but not one English.

But our TELEGRAPH friend only gives us a specimen of what we expect in English accounts of foreign countries. Totally unacquainted with the language, and still less acquainted with our national spirit, the English tourists and commissioners fly like a shot through a few towns. Memorandum book in one hand, and lead pencil in the other, they peep to the left and to the right to pick up what just happens to fall under their notice. They may perhaps exchange a few words with a porter or a waiter, who answers them in broken English, and tells them just what he pleases; and then, after three or four days' tumbling from one town into another, they sit down to write an article about Holland—its present condition and prospects, its manners and customs, its trade and politics, its religion and literature, its industry and social economy, its art treasures, its canals, its dykes, its inundations, its schools, its churches, its dairies, its cheeses, its red herrings, to close, of course, with Broek in Waterland! We are always amused when reading these reports, just as we are when we see an English tourist stalking through our streets like a stork, and gazing at the most common things as Rip Van Winkle must have gazed when he awoke out of his long sleep. So our good TELEGRAPH commissioner set out for Holland, unable, of course, to speak one syllable of Dutch. No sooner had he got to Rotterdam, and peeped into a few streets, than he thought he was ready for his first article about Holland. "The only persons," he writes himself, "with whom I have yet entered into conversation in the kingdom of the Netherlands are one landlord, two waiters, one steamboat clerk, and eight commissioners." Having thus brought himself into contact with these valuable and trustworthy channels of information, he feels "quite up to the mark," and sets about writing an article which occupies not less than four long columns of the TELEGRAPH, to be followed within a few days by eighteen others of the same length!

In these articles we come on a great many very curious things. The commissioner and his twelve worthy informants must be gifted with an extraordinary power of vision, a sort of second sight, which enables them not only to see what is, but also what was and is no more, and perhaps will never be again. I never knew that there were such objects visible in my country in the present time as some of those the TELEGRAPH refers to and describes, though I am born in Holland, have lived upwards of fifty years in it, and know its principal towns almost as well as I know my own native place, Amsterdam. In my youth the children in the market used to play a game in which one party cried to the other—"I see, I see, what you can't see." That same game our TELEGRAPH friend is playing with us now. First, he gives us the impression that red herrings are the chief commodity of our country. He must have

seen immense quantities of them, nay, he must almost have stumbled over them, for whenever he wants to characterize us as a nation he sets us down as a red-herring-curing people. If he were to write an epos called—say, "The Dutch in the Medway," he would, in a truly Homeric style, always mention us as—

The | red herring | sailing odd | Dutchmen.

With every feeling of gratitude for that sublime epithet, I must declare that we have not deserved it. I never tasted a red herring in my life till I came to London. Some of my friends in Holland, who had been in England, advised me by all means to try an English herring as a specimen of John Bull's table luxuries. So I ordered one at breakfast. A reddish, dirty, ugly little thing was served up, the strong smell of which was perceptible at a distance of five feet. I thought it was a cruelty both to men and fishes to conjure up a creature from the bottom of the sea and treat it so. I saw afterwards scores of barrels piled up in the fishmongers'. It is possible that they were cured at some out of the way sea place in our country; but then it can be only for English consumption, for no Hollander, not even the poorest, would allow such a thing to pass down his throat. No sir, if you want to relish a fine, delicious herring which melts on your tongue and renders your throat clear, clean, and sonorous like crystal, you must come to Holland; but please not in December, as did our TELEGRAPH friend, who complains of not having been able to get one. Of course not; he might as well have ordered strawberries or new potatoes. But had he come in the right season, he would have been refreshed not by a red but a white herring, or *blanke haring*, as we call it. It really is a luxury only to look at the little silver-coated creature as it lies on the plate neatly cut into slices as white as snow, a little rose in its snout, and gracefully fringed with parsley. And when you put a slice into your mouth and feel the delicious sea-losenge dissolve upon your tongue, smoothing your palate with the quiescence of everything sweet and refreshing that the scaly creature contains, you cannot wonder that kings and princes vie with each other to obtain the first supply of that unparalleled sea-confect. Owing to a change in the movements of the shoals our herring-fishing has greatly fallen off during the last century, so that only a few towns continue to send out their small herring-fleet. But even if the whole of our population did all the year round nothing else than cure such herrings, you would, while tasting that matchless dainty, feel compelled to allow that Holland, though only on that account, ought to figure at the head of the nations.

Our *clairvoyant* of the TELEGRAPH also tells us that he saw "Dutch parsons in short black cloaks and wide ruffs about their necks." Some one of his twelve friends must have understood something of the Egyptian witchcraft, and conjured up one or two of those old-fashioned venerables for his gratification. I never saw one such as he describes in my life. Our parsons are dressed in black just as yours are, and they wear a white neck-tie and white collars, as is seeming for gentlemen of that profession; but if they were to put wide ruffs about their necks they would be certain to gather a mob around them. It is possible our traveller may have seen "Dutchmen still in knee-breeches," but why should he make so great marvel at that phenomenon? In London I have not only seen grown-up people, but boys in knee-breeches! who, besides, wore long blue coats fastened round their waist with a strap, yellow stockings, clergymen's hands on their necks, and no cap or hat. You will say, "Ah, well, that's an old uniform connected with a school, the statutes of which do not admit of any alteration in the dress of its pupils." Just so, my dear sir, and so there are in Holland old costumes which are obligatory or customary to the inmates of certain asylums or establishments. Had Mr. TELEGRAPH only understood a few Dutch words, he might easily have learnt from the first boy he met in the street who those "Dutchmen in knee-breeches" were. Certainly that costume looks rather odd in our times, but not so ridiculous, after all, as the hempen wigs with which your worthies of the bar walk about the Temple or Lincoln's Inn. If a score of them were to show themselves in a tent at the Rotterdam *Kermis*, the whole town would be sure to run out to see a representation of the old Synod of Dordt in *tableaux vivants*.

Our beautiful canals seem to be a great eyesore to many of your tourists. They call them filthy ditches, and on account of them honor our fine metropolis with the epithet of "vulgar Venice." Well, there are some small canals which really deserve no better name than that of ditches, and the TELEGRAPH commissioner expressed an opinion which we all of us share,—that it would be a boon to our town to have them turned into broad, spacious streets. But then walking along our great canals, especially the *Herengracht* and *Koningsgracht*, which are on both sides lined with rows of palaces screened behind parallel rows of majestic elms, which in summer extend their thick foliage on one side over the water, on the other over the clean pavement, you must have lost every bit of sense for beauty not to exclaim "Magnificent!" All, however, our TELEGRAPH friend has to say about them is, that they "generally are choked with galliots and barges;" in which observation there is as much truth as there would be if I were to say that Piccadilly is generally choked with brewers' carts. But you would really be thankful if you had a dozen of our great town canals running through London. Certainly, it does not say much for the alertness of your ancestors that, having seen or heard of our magnificent canals, they did not, after the great fire, take a lesson, and

make the Thames flow in the same way through their metropolis as we have made the Amstel flow through ours. The perplexing question how to get the traffic from your perilously crowded streets would then have been solved at once, and you would not have felt the alarming necessity of having railways running over people's heads, or of traveling, like moles, underground. One of your tourists asked me quite seriously, the other day, how many people on an average were drowned in our canals. I could with equal seriousness answer—"Not so many in twelve months as there are killed in one week in the streets of London." Your TELEGRAPH commissioner comments upon the many draw-bridges that span the canals at Rotterdam, and which have to be opened each time a big ship passes, thus blocking up the road for the foot passengers. Well, there is some inconvenience in that I admit; but not so great an inconvenience as there is in the stoppages of your traffic, say in Gracechurch street, Cheapside, or Ludgate Hill. When trying to cross from the last mentioned spot to Fleet street, I have often lost more time than would be required for the opening and shutting of five bridges at Rotterdam. Those Rotterdam canals, or *Herens*, as they are called, are real blessings to the town. "The biggest Indian-man," our TELEGRAPH friend remarks, "can load and discharge cargo there within a few feet of the warehouses of their owners." Many of these warehouses form the ground floor of the buildings, while the owners inhabit the upper stories. It really is a treat to sit after meals at the windows of such a merchant's house, and to see the brisk stir that is going on at the loading or discharging of the ships. While mamma and the children, enjoying this observing and interesting sight, are taking their lunch, papa and the elder brothers would peep in for half an hour to join the company, have a friendly chat, and then return to their counting-houses down-stairs. They need not take trains early in the morning, and leave their family alone all day, to return late in the evening, dull, dusty, and drowsy. They have their offices, ships, and warehouses close by their homes, and their families are the happy witnesses of their industrious enterprises. Truly many a London merchant's wife would thank heaven if, instead of being landed some ten or twenty miles away down in the country, she could live at such a canal, where the business, though never so brisk, would be no barrier between her husband and her. When Voltaire, on his departure from our country, uttered that well-known "*Adieu canaux, canards, canaille*," which the TELEGRAPH commissioner has been so kind as to quote—we were quite well pleased. A greater conceit could not have been passed on our canals and on ourselves than when that man called our canals duck-pools, and ourselves *canaille*; since, poor as he was, he yet lacked the sense required to appreciate the poetry of the one and the moral antiquity of the other. I am glad to find that our friend of the TELEGRAPH is far from endorsing the epithet which that French rascal threw at our heads. On the contrary, he gives us full credit for the antiquity of our national character; a compliment which we are sincerely glad to return. Still, it seems, he cannot help associating our good canals with ducks, of which he must surely have seen an immense quantity to make him declare that, on having exchanged England for our country, "there was variety, to him, in the quacking of the ducks." I can quite understand it. I noticed few ducks in England, but I saw there many geese.

Many of the mistakes your tourists make when visiting our country would be prevented if they only would give themselves the trouble of studying our beautiful language a little bit—a task which, according to the testimony of the TELEGRAPH commissioner, is not difficult, since we have thousands of words in common with you. But he is himself a proof of the truth of his own observation, that out of ten thousand Englishmen not one speaks Dutch. Many of our words, which he quotes, are either quite ridiculous or unintelligible. He tells us that the Dutch for the Hague is *St. Gravenhage*. Your learned men must be quite perplexed to find out what saint that may have been. The Editor of Good Words, though equally incorrect, yet gives it a rather more reasonable turn. He makes a seaport of the town, by calling it *Gravenhagen*. The truth is, the name of the place is *Gravenhage*, which means the garden of the Count; *hage*, hedge, meaning a fenced-in piece of ground, a garden; and *graf*, the Count; the little *s* being the note of the genitive case. In earlier times it was the pleasure-grounds of the Counts of Holland, and afterwards became the residence of the Stadtholder and the government. In the TELEGRAPH a specimen is given of a Dutch bill of fare, in which names of meats occur which may be Hottentottian or Laplandish, but are certainly not Dutch. I will charitably believe, however, that many of these blunders are misprints. But why is it that you always call our village *Broek*, *Broek*? Our diphthong *ae* has the same sound as your double *ee*; so that the true pronunciation is *Broek*; *Broek* sounds as ridiculous in our ears as *Liverpool* would sound in yours. The commissioner of the TELEGRAPH must have heard the true pronunciation a hundred times, yet he inscribes his article on the place with big letters—*BROCK*! He says, "a Dutchman would render the *Oger* immaculate, and scrub the blackamoors white. He would do it or die in the attempt." Perhaps he would. But there is one thing a Dutchman will never attempt, viz. to teach an English tourist to see and hear things as they really are. The Editor of Good Words tells us that, from the steeple of the Rotterdam church, the steeple of Amsterdam can be seen—a distance of more than fifty miles. I wonder whether he also could hear the bells toll? I

am afraid that if his guide had told him that the chiming of some neighboring steeple, which occasionally must have sounded into his ears, came from the royal palace at Amsterdam, he would have believed it; for nobody can tell what a British tourist will not believe with a Dutch commissioner at his elbow.

And what shall I say about *Broek*, or *Broek*, or *Bröck*, as Good Words has it? The TELEGRAPH commissioner never showed more common sense than when he wrote—"Don't go to the clean village of *Broek*. 'And why,' you ask, 'being at Amsterdam, should we not pay a visit to a place to which all the world has been?' I answer very plainly—"Because the village of *Broek* is a bore, and a delusion, and a sham, and it is not half so clean as *Shepherd's Bush*." Some fifty or hundred years ago this village, all surrounded by splendid gentlemen's estates, was really unique, because inhabited by people who combined the simplest possible style of living and the most extraordinary tidiness with enormous wealth. In those days one was little aware, when entering one of those neatly painted little wooden cottages, that he might be under the roof of a merchant who possessed millions and kept several ships at sea. The estates have been turned into pastures-lands long since, the rich people have moved to the towns, and *Broek* is left a poor, abandoned, insignificant place, where I do not wonder that the Editor of Good Words could have stood for ten minutes at broad daylight in the street without seeing any living creature except a cat. Still, although every tourist who visits this spot feels sorely taken in, yet Englishmen continue to keep up the pilgrimage from year to year. It is said with reference to the first-class carriages of the German railways that only three sorts of people travel in them, viz. princes, Englishmen and fools. The same may be said with reference to the visiting of *Broek*. The TELEGRAPH commissioner really gives a true and amusing description of this foolish *Broek*-mania of his own fellow-countrymen.

Having been once at *Broek*, a tourist must see something extraordinary to report when having got home; and so the Editor of Good Words, when he visited the graveyard, noticed the "rows of small black wooden pegs driven into the ground, rising six inches above the grass, with a number on each—indicating the place where the late burghers of this Sleepy Hollow finally repose." Well, what about that? One may see such numbered pegs in any English cemetery. But the Editor of Good Words observes something very odd and extraordinary in them. "To live in *Bröck*," he writes, "and be known after death only as a number in its churchyard, would seem to be the perfection of order and the genius of contentment. To be mentioned by widow and children like an old account, a small sum—as 'our poor 46,' or 'our dear departed 1547'—certainly that sounds very odd. But I remember that when I was in London and performed the sad duty of assisting in carrying the child of a friend to the grave, the undertaker, on receiving the payment of his bill, handed a slip of paper to the mourning father which had on it the number of the grave of his deceased darling. This, then, was also done, I suppose, in order to enable the mourning family to lament their 'dear departed 2462.' Surely the Londoners must have learned that arithmetic way of mourning from the tourists who had been at *Broek*. 'Ah, well,' you say, 'but we have not only numbered pegs at our graves but also slabs with the names of the deceased inscribed upon them.' Indeed? That makes all the difference, of course. So you need not mourn arithmetically, but you can do it by mentioning the names, because they are written over there on the slabs. So, I suppose, in London, the following conversation may happen in a mourning family:—

The Father. "Alas, it is now six weeks since our dearly beloved—what's her name? Mother, do you recollect?"

The Mother. "Aw—aw—well, I really forget. It is something like—Jane, or Jessy, or—

The Father (to one of the boys). "John, just run to the cemetery and look at the slab.".....

But enough. *Claudite jam rivos pueri, sat prata biberunt.*

I AM,
Your obedient Servant,
THOMAS THOMLINSON-KEL.

AN UNFINISHED POEM.

BY EMMA MORTIMER BARROW.

I knew a poet once who made a poem,
The opening lines he wrote unconsciously;
Yet they were sweet as buds and April grasses,
And told o'er, lisping, at his mother's knee.

Another verse rang out like sturdy shouting,
Full of life's vigor, youth, and bravery;
Men, listening to the stanza, marked it power,
And told it promised well and graciously.

The next was great and glad as a bright morn,
When shade and light are recreated o'er;
All a fresh wonder to men's hearts he made
The other blue in which birds sing and soar.

These standing closest looked across his shoulder,
Crowds pressed to watch the high, straight way he took,
Waiting to view the epic's grand advancement—
When, lo! a discord all the structure shook.

The light grew dim, words faltered, there was silence;
Men waited vainly for the last great words;
Where 'twas had been there grew a new-made grave up,
Voiced only by a crowd of twittering birds.

The page lay open with the rhyme unfinished,
Men bore their disappointment as they might;
Some loved his dust,—so lettered tender phrases,
In his own words, upon his gravestone's white.

Edwin Stanley Gifford.

(From the London Saturday Review.)

PLATONIC AFFECTION.

A modern French critic is careful to remind us, in the interest of the ancient classics, that feminine purity is an idea older than Christianity, and that women's mission in former times, quite as much as now, was to be modest and refined. How much of the asserted modesty of young ladies in classical ages is a mere literary fiction built upon the known customary separation of the sexes, and how much really existed as the result of training and tastes, must remain a problem. When they appear upon the stage, the unmarried princesses of the Greek drama give vent to the most excellent moral sentiments, though habits of personal reserve are by no means incompatible in their own case with an occasional plainness of language that is tolerably startling. Antigone is universally admitted to be a noble type of feminine virtue, and the vigor with which she asserts that the ties of affection and of blood are paramount to the interests and institutions of the State shows that the great artist who drew the character was acquainted with a feminine way of looking at things which has lasted two thousand years and more after his own time. By the side of Antigone's womanly enthusiasm her royal lover sinks into the shade. He makes a faint effort to come up to her level of devotion by killing himself upon her tomb; but he kills himself rather as a public protest against the injustice that has been done her, and in a fit of personal resentment against his father, than from any tender desire to join her beyond the grave, or from any impulse of sentiment which can remind us, strictly speaking, of the catastrophes in *Romeo and Juliet*. Love, as it appears in the Greek tragedians, is not that elevating and ohivorous religion which it becomes in poets of a more modern type. It is rather a fatal frenzy sent on men and women by the gods, which disturbs domestic order, and often is violent enough to endanger the welfare of society. It is true that we see it in the classical world chiefly as it is drawn by masculine painters. But ohivorous and delicate sentiments could scarcely be a common feature of the relations between the sexes without finding their way at last into the works of the great male authors of the time. From some of the noblest creations of the classics such ideas are conspicuously absent. Innocent and delicate passion finds little place in Virgil or in Horace, still less in Ovid, Catullus, or Tibullus. In order to portray it, the poet would have been obliged to invade the sacred precincts of the gynæceum, and to violate the privacy of a maiden's domestic life. He was, therefore, obliged to content himself with delineating the less reserved beauties whom great calamity had dragged from their retreat into publicity, and to spend his time over the Phædras or Medæas on the one hand, and the Delias and Cynthias on the other, whose charms and intrigues were as public already as any poetry could make them. With all this, it is singular that the first notion of Platonic affection is said to come down to us from a heathen and Greek philosopher; and the ingenious sentiment to which he gave his name has, in modern times, been accepted as unimpeachable at least in theory, though a philosopher on paper is not a fair test of what even a philosopher would be among the temptations and luxuries of actual life. If Plato is to be believed when he gets upon his favorite hobbyhorse of the life and sayings of Socrates, it would seem that Socrates learnt the mysteries of Platonic affection from a lady. *Dar femina facti*. Just as it was Eve who gave Adam the fatal apple, so it was a daughter of Eve, in the historical and fictitious person of an Athenian strong-minded woman, who introduced mankind to the knowledge of the seductive apple of Platonic romance. Diotima was a lady learned, we are told, in many things, but especially learned upon love, and no less ready to communicate her information on the subject to the great philosopher of the century. The discourse in which he retails his acquired lore to a circle of his friends has been acknowledged by scholars and mystics, alike to be one of the most finished specimens of Plato's genius, and has made Attic Nights for all time a fit synonym in literature for the suppers of the gods. But the scope of the *Symposium* is commonly and singularly misapprehended. Love, as the Greeks knew it in their poetry and their dramas and their history, was a material fever, and an earthly, or at most an artistic passion. The object of Plato in the *Symposium* was to refine the passion into a spiritual sentiment, and to make out of it a great incentive to noble action and noble thought. It would, therefore, be more correct to call Plato the first panegyrist of love, as the term is understood in modern romance, and indeed in modern life, than to father on him the more colorless conception of so-called Platonic affection.

That this distinction between the true and the popular interpretation of the Greek philosopher's theory is correct will be seen by a moment's reflection on the moral ends to which Plato thought love should be applied. It was, in Plato's opinion, through the love of beautiful things that man might raise himself to the contemplation of the Existence or Being in whom and through whom beautiful things are beautiful. It is through the form only that we arrive at the Idea, which is the living form itself, or, in modernized language, may be said to constitute the form's life. It is true that, writing for an age of sensualism, Plato dwells prominently on the anti-sensual, or at least on the unusual, side of love. But this is an accident, and not an essential, of his system, which is calculated to adapt itself to a change of social manners. The aim and object of modern institutions is, not to destroy the enjoyments of sense, but to sentimentalize them—an aim

unknown to the legislators of Greece or Rome. Where this result is achieved, Plato's theory is as adequately realized as it would be in a miraculously supported commonwealth of bachelors and prudes. The natural relations between the sexes, as they are recognised by law and morality, are believed, with good reason, to be as fruitful of romance; self-devotion, and even of spiritual life, as the non-natural relations which pseudo-Platonists pretend to justify on the authority of the founder of the creed. And those who are acquainted with the peculiar Greek vices against which the *Symposium* is a sort of protest will at once see the enormous difference between Platonic affection in the original, and Platonic affection as modern novelists understand it. If the idea of modern Platonic affection comes to us from Plato at all, it does so only in an indirect and roundabout fashion. First of all, it has passed, before it reaches us, through the historical phase of mysticism, and has undergone the change impressed upon it by the eloquent fervor of some of the most remarkable Fathers of the Christian Church. Ecstatic love of beauty is the first step of the Jacob's ladder by which, according to St. Augustin, men and women may climb to behold the face of God. But when the soul has climbed beyond the lowest step of all, it learns to leave behind it, and to disdain, the mere beauties of earth; or rather to preserve only from among them the divine element, and to neglect the perishable. Of St. Bernard, of St. Francis, of St. Theresa, modern theologians or biographers may say, in parallel language to that of the Roman poet, that it is through a species of fervid Platonism that they have risen above the bondage of the affections:—

Hæc arte Pollux et vagus Hercules
Raiens aras attigit igneas.

The difference between the Fathers and Plato consists, partly at least, in this, that the love of beauty which in Plato is only a kind of vague spiritual tone becomes again, under the moulding fingers of Christian artists, a positive and real delirium, of which heaven is almost the tangible object. Earthly love is a fever and a transport which seeks its consummation in the attainment of a visible object. Mystic love is equally a fever and a transport, only it is directed to an invisible being. This is the first step in the process of deplatonising Plato. A similar progress was soon made by the romantic and literary world following on the traces of the religious. Dante's worship of Beatrice, and, in a second degree, Petrarch's less ideal worship of his mistress Laura, may be and are usually cited as instances, if not as models, of Platonic love. In all probability they are nothing of the kind. They are a refined form of the ordinary passion, disguised with beauty and reserve under the veil of a semi-religious sentiment—a poetical attempt to create a *tertium quid* between the platonism of Plato and the mysticism of the Fathers. Petrarch himself would be compelled to admit the soft impeachment. St. Augustin, whose severity in such points is the severity of a connoisseur, in the well-known imaginary dialogue finds little difficulty in convicting him of impropriety. And St. Augustin's imputed view, on this as on other points, is unmistakably correct. It is a pleasing and engaging thought that, in devoting oneself to the contemplation of nice-looking young women, one is beginning a course of service at the very gate of heaven's temple. The only difficulty is, after such a novitiate, ever to get beyond being a proselyte of the gate.

The traditions of European chivalry constitute, perhaps, the third stage through which the idea of Platonic love has passed before arriving at our times. The ohivorous ideas of devotion, constancy and parity, as involved in the preceding two, were fitted to the social requirements of an age of warfare and perilous adventure. Nor are the notions of chivalrous and pure devotion by any means, in such an age, necessarily connected with marriage. In days like those, marriage was as much a matter of arrangement and diplomacy as it now is in the case of sovereigns and of their sons and daughters. The true knight was, indeed, occasionally supposed to win his ladylove with his spear, but matrimony must have been indeed a lottery if it ever depended on the chances of the tournament or the duello. Matrimony and love soon became discovered, and it is to such a social epoch that we ought to look, if not for the practice, at least for the theory, of pure Platonic passion. In still later times, the cruelty of the fictitious shepherdess was certainly a theme of constant verification on the part of the disguised shepherd, but the fashionable nymphs who amused themselves with imitating the diction of Phyllis and Galatea were perhaps less stern in bucolic life than it was polite for their admirers to assume. Some-how or other, Platonic affection, which two thousand years ago meant philosophy, has insensibly come to mean little better than flirtation. Dressed in this garb, Plato might perhaps fail to recognise his putative offspring. The habits of fast girls, as of frisky matrons, can as little be justified by any leaf out of his writings as the manners of the Agapemones can be supported from the Epistles of St. John. There is, however, one form of Platonic affection which perhaps might be thought to deserve the name; and critics who treat on such a subject ought not to pass it over, lest it should be imagined that they are for depriving the feminine world of legitimate and harmless pleasures. A pure brotherly friendship for a cause might possibly pass muster as Platonic. It has about it the vague and indistinct flavor of religious sentiment which is to be found in the Greek original, and which is almost undiscoverable when we get as far as disinterested friendships for embassy attacks or cousins in the Guards.

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Talleyrand being asked by a lady the meaning of non-intervention, replied: *Madame, non-intervention est un mot diplomatique et énigmatique qui signifie à peu près la même chose qu'intervention.* [Madame, non-intervention is a diplomatic and enigmatic word which signifies about the same thing as intervention.]

The authors of "The Sons of the Cape," which recently made such a sensation at the Boston Museum, is said to be about producing a new play entitled "The Daughters of the Skirt." It will be probably constructed on the duplex elliptic system, and dedicated to J. W. Bradley, Esq.

One of the finest qualities in a human being is that nice sense of delicacy which renders it impossible for him ever to become an intruder or a bore.

A picture is said to have been offered for the forthcoming exhibition, entitled "Dead Game, by A. J., Washington."

Stockton, California, has just experienced the shock of an earthquake: something very like it happened last Tuesday to Stockton, New Jersey.

A shrewd New England writer once said: "The majority is the most subtle and therefore the most dangerous form of physical violence; the ballot, what is it but a threat of which the bullet is the execution?"

When was beef the highest? When the cow jumped over the moon. (Old, but good).

A French writer says that there are but four great social ideas, viz., Birth, Marriage, Paris, and Death.

According to Balzac, "the shortest line in politics is a curve."

A work-house is an institution so called because no work is done in it.

(For the Saturday Press.)

THE CONUNDRUM OF TO-DAY.

I have always taken a great interest in Conundrums, and of late years have been quite a diligent collector of them—so much so, in fact, that I am well known to professional and amateur artists in this line, as being always ready to add to my extensive collection any really valuable article of the kind. The particular attention I have given to the subject, has enabled me to perceive the great change that has taken place in the nature of the conundrum since the days of my youth and early manhood. Then, we used to have a straightforward and simple question, often by no means easy to answer, but which was expected to be answered, even if our noddles were ached in the process of our solution. In those days it was: "Why is A like B?" Answer—"Because it is C." Nothing could be plainer than that.

But of late, it is not considered at all polite to attempt to answer a conundrum. The propounder must have the pleasure of divulging the answer as a reward for his trouble in putting the question. Besides, there is reason to fear that few persons could state, in the warmth of the first discovery, the answer to a modern conundrum in such manner as to misdirect or injure the point. The reason for this is the general change that has taken place in the form of the puzzle, as well as in that of the answer. Now it is fashionable to ask, "What is the difference between A and B?" Answer—"One is C, and the other is D." Giving reason to suppose that the study of differential calculus was becoming so popular as to make itself visible even in our mental diversions.

I can best illustrate this subject by giving, as examples, a few of my recent acquisitions which I will take at random from my lower shelf, labeled "unclassified."

The first that comes to hand is one I bought of a young man, who, but now a tyro in his art, I believe will soon become capable of much better things. It is this: "What is the difference between a man sewing a sail with a cambric needle, and a parish in Liberia in need of a conestable?" Answer—"One wants a bigger needle, and the other a bigger beadle." It must not be supposed that the value of a conundrum depends upon its length. I will give an in-

stance of mistaken belief in this respect. A gentleman was ushered into my study a few days since, who announced that he had a conundrum which he would like to dispose of. I told him that I should be glad to hear it, and begged him to be seated and proceed to state it. He thereupon drew a chair to the table, and pulled from his pocket a sheet of foolscap.

"You do not trust to your memory," I said, smiling.

"Oh, no!" he answered, "not in this instance, for my conundrum is in three chapters."

"Three chapters!" I cried, "why, in the whole course of my long life I have never heard of such a thing as a conundrum in three chapters."

"Nevertheless it is true, sir, as you shall hear if you wish."

"Certainly, I wish it," I replied, "I would not on any account miss hearing it, although I am much inclined to doubt the success of so combined an undertaking."

"Judge for yourself, sir," he answered, and proceeded to read the MS. as follows:

CHAPTER I.

It is doubtless generally known that near Mount Cenis a tunnel through the Alps is in process of excavation. From the opening on either side of the mountain, the tunnelling has proceeded for about a mile, and the darkness and gloom of the cavern in which the workmen delve, day after day, can scarcely be imagined by those whose lives have been spent merely on the smiling surface of the earth—I will not attempt to picture it.

CHAPTER II.

In the south of England, a gentleman named Parker possessed a farm, the greater part of which, being subject to inundations, was useless for purposes of tillage. Being of an enterprising disposition, Mr. Parker conceived the idea of draining these meadows, and after years of labor, succeeded in doing so by means of a long and wide ditch, which was at once the source of wealth to him, and of wonder to the country side.

CHAPTER III.

What is the difference between this ditch and the tunnel under the Alps?

EPILOGUE.

One is Parker's ditch, and the other dark as pitch.

It is needless to say that I purchased this, if it were only for the unique character of the thing.

Not long ago I was in Fulton Market, and I inquired of a boy, sitting at a vegetable stall, the price of sweet potatoes.

"I have none, doctor," said he (in some way recognizing me), "but I have a conundrum if you want one."

"Well," said I, "if I can't get one thing, I will take another. What is your conundrum?"

"Pay first, sir, if you please; for if you don't take it after you've heard it, it can't be sold for fresh."

Pleased with the sharpness of the boy, which augured future success in business, I gave him a fifty-cent note, with which he seemed satisfied, and asked me: "What is the difference between Stephens, the great Fenian, and a lot of very cheap cabbage?"

"Don't know," said I, as in duty bound.

"Because," said he, with a grin, "one is a head-centre, and the other is a cent a head."

There are many persons who imagine themselves able to construct a conundrum, who, although perhaps possessed of more than the average amount of wit, were never intended by nature for that line of art. For instance, a friend who had thought of putting a son into the business, came to ask my opinion about the matter, and brought the following as a specimen of his boy's ability: "Why are the street-contractors not needed in Nassau street?—Because it is contracted enough already."

Of course, I gave the too fond father no encouragement.

Now I have a nephew, a mere school boy, who has already done some pretty good things in this line, although he has no idea that he possesses any talent. I think it not improbable that by the time he is my age, he will be able to look back upon many good conundrums. The other day he brought me this, which he called a penultimate riddle: "Why were the lions of King Darius very obstinate beasts?—Because they would take no Daniel."

There have been instances (not in this country only, for I notice a case of the kind mentioned in an English paper) of persons who possessed very excellent answers to conundrums, but had never been able to fit them with appropriate questions. I know a very worthy man, quite poor, with a large family, who for years has been endeavoring to discover a question which would serve as prefix to the answer, "Witch of Endor (which offend her)." It is highly probable that, as in the case of too many ill-fated sons of genius, his uncompleted invention will be brought to perfection by others after he has died in poverty.

But it must, by no means, be supposed that conundrums, as a class, are men in humble circumstances. On the contrary, many of them are in receipt of handsome incomes from the proceeds of their quaint devices, and some, I grieve to say, have met with a success which has made them sordid and mean in regard to pecuniary matters. One in particular, I remember, who from myself alone receives a handsome yearly sum for his productions, and who, when reminded by me lately, on presenting his monthly bill, of the absence of the necessary revenue stamp upon the document, said: "Pshaw! I think the government is altogether two-cents-five about such matters."

Comment is needless.

Having now said enough to show the difference between the conundrum of to-day, and those to which we were accustomed in our youth, I close without offering an opinion upon the merits of the very different styles, content with the position of a chronicler, without aspiring to that of a philosopher.

Wishing well to the craft, I am theirs truly
ANDREW SCOTT, M. D.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

There is a theatre at Paris in which but few representations are given, though its corps of actors is a very choice and good one. They are forty in number, all old, shrewd, and learned men, having so deep knowledge of the world's stage that some people think that their life is one perpetual round of acting. They are all well-known to the public, and have an established and well-earned reputation of being a very high class of comedians. They never give any representation except when one of them happens to die. Their performance then attracts the most select audience, and the ceremony is gone through with of electing a new member to fill the place of the defunct. The French call this institution *L'Académie Française*, and it is distinguished from the Academy of Music by the absolute lack of harmony which has always prevailed among its fellows. The leading attributes of this antique and respectable body have never been at any time very accurately defined. Richelieu, who laid the foundation of it, forgot to say in express terms what should be its aim and purpose; hence the various opinions which prevail on the subject. But, one might reasonably ask what opinion they entertain themselves thereon? This is, indeed, the most curious point of the case. They say, and perhaps think, that their occupation is to preserve the French language; which is a most egregious mistake, for history shows that the French language is abundantly capable of preserving itself, and we are not aware that it was in any danger before the institution of this learned society. This hypothesis, therefore, must be set aside, and I am rather inclined to adopt an idea which your Figaro originated when he was in Paris some ten years ago. He maintained that academies, colleges, and all such institutions were established only to prevent diffusion of learning. Superficial people may think this is a very paradoxical statement; yet they would certainly be struck by the evidence of its truth, if they would consider not merely the professions of these illustrious bodies, but what is more significant, their actions. It is plain, for instance, that the *Académie Française*, in refusing last year to elect M. Littré, the most distinguished living scholar in France, was influenced by the fear of rewarding a laborious and contemplative life entirely devoted to study, and not at all, as was pretended, because his philosophical ideas were at variance with those of the majority. Besides, it is a slander against the Academicians, since it is well known that no one of them ever entertained any philosophical ideas.

I am gradually, though slowly approaching the object of this letter, which is to inform you that a terrific revolution took place some days ago in the midst of this solemn academy. Heretofore one of the indispensable qualities for admission to this body was a well attested senility. To have white hair, or no hair at all, seemed to be the first condition of membership. From this rule there has been no variation until the present time; and nobody can deny that the conduct of the Academicians, in the important case of which I am about to speak, plainly shows how wise and true was the saying of the Holy Father, Pius IX., when he exclaimed, in the most lamentable tone, that "we live in an age of revolutions, and that this generation has lost all respect and veneration for ancient institutions and good old paternal despotism."

Know, therefore, Mr. Editor, that the *Académie Française* has recently elected a thirty-six year old member whose name is M. Prévost Paradol, a celebrated young journalist, known for the keenness of his style and Louis Napoleon's utter hatred of him. Certainly everybody has a right to be stupefied at such a choice on the part of the Academy. But do not misunderstand me; M. Prévost Paradol has not been elected to the Academy on account of his talent as a writer, as some credulous people imagine, but in spite of this talent, which idea, by the way, exactly agrees with the Figaro doctrine. His relations to the Orléanist and "Doctrinaire" party is the cause of the Academy having departed from its old habits; the members being, as you know, under the influence of this powerful clique, among whom we find the Protestant Guizot, an ardent defender of the Pope's temporal power, and M. Dupanloup, a Catholic bishop, who fraternally shakes hands with his heretic fellow whom he proclaims in his sermons to be damned for ever. M. Prévost Paradol knows everybody in that party, being the *enfant gâté* of all its celebrities. Do not, therefore, be too much astonished if the young Academician finds his way in life strewn with flowers and decorated with Academic palms. Again, the choice of the Academy in no way compromises it. In politics, M. Paradol is a *juste-milieu*, that is to say, decidedly not a Bonapartist, and decidedly not a democrat. He likes liberty but he is not the less partial to a good powerful protecting authority. He thinks that the marriage between a kind despotism and a mitigated liberty would be a happy one; though it must be confessed that, according to human experience, this union has

never been successful, having invariably ended, like so many others, in a speedy divorce. This political creed, if it is a creed, has, among many other advantages, the great utility of permitting the holder of it to entertain agreeable relations with everybody. In the saloons of M. Guizot, where M. Paradol was to be seen the day before his reception, I have no doubt that he spoke of the necessity of maintaining a strong authority in order to check the "vile multitude," as M. Thiers calls the people; and at M. Bigelow's where M. Paradol also went on the evening of his instalment, I am quite convinced that he represented himself with equal emphasis, as a faithful lover of individualism and liberty. All that is a question of *avoids-Paris*; how much liberty and how much authority M. Paradol requires he has never stated.

In literature, M. Paradol is a worshipper of tradition. He pretends to write not in the style of the nineteenth century but in that of the eighteenth. I suppose that had he lived in the latter, he would have strived to write in the style of the seventeenth. The result of this is, that his method, though very elegant and refined, is attenuated, thin, and fantastic. His triumph is in delicate irony, and cunning innuendo. He excels in saying what is forbidden. So if France ever sees a day when everybody may plainly say what he thinks, poor Paradol (if alive) will be at a loss what to write about, and will find he has been shorn of half his strength. As long as nobody can state that Napoleon is a scoundrel, it is very amusing to read articles where it is artistically insinuated in every line; the French being exceedingly fond of *dire entre les dents*. But as soon as everybody can and will say what he thinks, such articles will cease to have any value.

So in every way, as you may perceive, M. Paradol was born to be an Academician, being one of those old, correct young men in whom the Academy herself may well pardon the possession of hair, in view of the baldness of their minds. A journal here has hit Paradol off with one phrase, calling him *Le cravat blanc des cravats blanches*. In every respect he will therefore feel at home in the bosom of the Académie, and the academic revolution of which I spoke is more in form than in reality; which is a peculiarity of all French revolutions, literary as well as political.

As you are doubtless aware, Mr. Editor, the custom is that the newly elected Academician delivers a eulogy (not in the Bancroft style) upon his predecessor, and that somebody is selected among the Academicians to respond to the newly installed member, and to titillate his vanity by appropriate encomiums. This rôle in the foregoing instance was played by M. Guizot *le rescu pout en fer*, as he was once correctly called. M. Guizot's speech exactly reflected M. Paradol's, which is not surprising, as the former is in every respect what the latter will be within thirty years from now—an old skeptic, having interests but no principles.

Paris, March 11.

Eco.

Dramatic Fenilleton.

BY FIGARO.

You will be surprised to hear it, Mr. Editor, but I feel, to-day, exactly like writing.

My vein and anecdote are both before me, and if I can only work the one and tell the other, all will be right.

The anecdote is all about Schenberg's "Valiant Valentine" at Lucy Rushton's Theatre, and the trouble it had on last Tuesday night in leaping over a Stone-wall, which it attempted with the intrepidity of a Jackson.

But I guess I won't try to tell it, after all, lest I tread on somebody's corns.

What a pity it is, by the way, that everybody has corns, and that the kind I allude to are such as are beyond the reach of any chiropodist!

Only last Saturday, when I thought I was feeling my way along beautifully, it seems that I was trampling on a corn at nearly every step; and, in one instance, on such an old one that the sufferer came to me beseechingly the next day, and asked me (as nearly as I could understand him) if I couldn't "let by-corns be by-corns."

The fact is, I find myself in about the position of the man (your venerable favorite, Mr. Joseph Miller, tells the story) who could never open his mouth without putting his foot in it.

I would get out of the scrape, if I could, by praising everybody; but, alas, if I praise Jones I have Brown down upon me, and if I then try to get square by praising Brown, why imagine what I have to catch the next time I meet Jones.

Dear old Ned Wilkins used to say that the only kind of entertainment he liked to write about was the Menagerie, because the animals were not jealous of each other.

You see he could say what he pleased about the lion without offending the elephant, and remain on the friendliest terms with the leopard after saying that the tiger could knock the spots out of him.

"But suppose you do offend people," says my friend Ajax, "what does that matter? Tell the truth and shame the devil."

All very nice, my good fellow, but the devil is not so easily shamed: and then, again, what you or I may happen to think the truth, will be denounced by hundreds of others as—well, as the other thing.

Just suppose I should go down to the Old Bowery some night, and after seeing Jack and Gill go up the

Hill there two or three times to get a pail of water or what not, should come home and say I had seen the ascent made quite as well before?

Why I should figure in Fox's Book of Martyrs in less than a week.

And so on, all through.

Now the fact is, that whether "I want to be an angel" or not, I certainly do not want to be a martyr.

Moreover, the older I grow—and I am getting to be dreadful old, Mr. Editor—the more I am disposed to think that we treat matters in this world far too seriously.

Was it Gay—or who was it—that wrote as an inscription for his tombstone:

*Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it.*

Well, I don't agree with him entirely—whoever it was—but neither do I go to the other extreme, and believe in the "vale of tears" business.

Hence these light, careless, and all but frivolous Feuilletons—in which, as a rule, I use the drama merely as something upon which I can now and then hang a merry thought.

I get off my beat sometimes, to be sure, but that is when I try to be serious and "nothing if not critical."

In fact, I have that temptation before me at this moment, but am determined virtuously to resist it.

Why, if I should undertake to analyze the performances I have seen this week and tell what a friend of mine calls "the Sunday School truth" about them, I should give you an entertainment that would please you about as much as a visit to a dissecting room.

So please thank me for sparing you, and let me up from giving any report of the week whatever.

"And this," you exclaim, "is what you mean when you say you feel, to-day, exactly like writing?"

Just so: exactly like writing, but not exactly like writing myself into a scrape—for, look you, when I think (here comes Mr. J. Miller again) what

Great aches from little toe-corns grow,

and how many of the latter there are about just now (as already intimated) I am almost afraid to move.

Next week the situation may be less critical, in which case there may be some fun in describing it.

The present week closes thus wise:

At Wallack's, with the benefit of Mrs. Vernon (a nonpareil actress) in "Single Life" and "Ladies at Home."

At the Winter Garden, with the third and last appearance of Mr. J. Newton Gotthold as "Othello."

At Niblo's, with Miss Maggie Mitchell as Amy in "The Little Barefoot."

At the Olympic, with the last representation of "Cinderella e la Comare."

At Wood's Theatre, with Miss Lucille Western and Mr. Barton Hill in "East Lynne."

At the Broadway, with John Owens in "The Chimney Corner."

At Barsum's, with "Moses, or Israel in Egypt," (afternoon and evening).

And last—though it should have been first—at the Academy, with "Faust" in the afternoon at one, and in the evening at eight (admission for this time only, 50 cents) "The African Girl."

Next week, the chief attraction at the Academy will be Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," which is to be produced, if reports may be believed, with great magnificence: opening nights of the performance, Monday and Tuesday.

On Wednesday, there will be an extra Matinée at the Academy, when "Crispino e la Comare" will be repeated—in the evening "Lucrezia Borgia" will be given with Senorita Poch as Lucrezia.

On Thursday evening we are to have Maretzek's grand Operatic Ball.

The next sensation at the Academy will be the farewell appearance there, on Monday, the 16th inst., of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean.

The principal theatrical event announced for next week is the production, on Monday next, at the Olympic, of the famous spectacular drama, entitled "The Three Guardsmen," which Mrs. John Wood promises shall be put upon the stage "in a style of magnificence, and with a cast of characters, far surpassing any previous efforts."

There, Mr. Editor, that's what I call a Feuilletton as a Feuilletton.

When it comes to be read in the different Green Rooms—the reading of such things there being very like the reading of a will—even Jones and Brown will be delighted; for if there is nothing in it for the one, so also there is nothing for the other, and they can go out and drink together in peace.

In a word, "nobody's hurt."

And now if you are not satisfied, meet me to-night at "Kruyt's," and we'll talk the matter over: moreover, I'll teach you how to pronounce Kruyt's, which, when you get used to it, will come as easy as "Pfaffs."

Pfaff, by the way, still lingers about the place, welcome as ever to his old habitués, and half regretting that he is to be separated from them.

Kruyt, on the other hand, turns a wishful eye now and then back to Delmonico's (where he was *chef de cuisine* for so long), but is getting gradually used to his new quarters, and maintains their prestige so well that soon it will be as natural to say "Let's go to Kruyt's," as it has been for this ten years to say "Let's go to Pfaff's."

Some people, to be sure, don't like the place, because, you know, some people have been kicked out—but hold! I must stop here, or somebody will be hurt, and no mistake.

So good-day.

Figaro.

(For the Saturday Press.)

THE FLANEUR.

"I loaf and invite my soul."

Now that the Spring is coming on, the days when the first languor of Summer oppresses us, I may well loaf, or rather *flan*, for the French word has not the disreputable sense which ours has.

In fact, the whole business of life is *flâner*.

"One impulse from a vernal wood
Will teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can."

Join this with the equally apposite and novel quotation that,

"The proper study for mankind is man,"

and any one who has flâned himself into a logical mood enough to construct his syllogism from these two poetical premises, will find his prosaic conclusion justify him in idling whole days away in vernal woods.

This however I do not propose to do.

The woods for those who like them.

For my part, give me the populous solitude of a city.

In fact, you are more struck with nature in a city than you are in the country.

As there is no more grateful spectacle to the gods than an upright man struggling with difficulties, so there is no more interesting spectacle to a thoughtful man than a tree trying to grow in a paved street.

But then it requires a thoughtful man to enjoy the spectacle.

Your thoughtful man is necessarily a "flâneur."

He throws himself prone on the bosom of nature, and does not care about stocks.

He is one of the men from a contemplation of whom Solomon arrived at a certain remark in the book of "Ecclesiastical," which by the way is one of the few books in the world, though it is in the Apocrypha.

Why there, I could never understand; perhaps the remark which I am about to quote may have aided in its condemnation.

It runs thus: "For wisdom cometh by opportunity of leisure and he that hath little business shall become wise."

So Solomon, the wisest man, celebrated the advantages of flâner, which is a much better proof, to my mind, of his wisdom than many other things he did; as for instance his taking three hundred wives, etc.

But every man to his taste, and some things must be pardoned to the age a man lives in.

Solomon did not live in an age when women were able to think of their rights, much less claim them. If he had, how he would deserve our pity.

He acted probably to the best of his knowledge, and doubtless his three hundred wives did the same.

But the sweet companionship that makes intimacy with a woman of character and sense, so useful and so delightful to a man with the same qualities, could evidently not exist in such a state of things.

Was it the fault of the women, or of the men?

Were either of them fit for it?

This is a question difficult to decide, and well worth thinking of.

Don't jump at your conclusions.

Collect in your mind materials for forming your opinions, from which they shall grow like healthy plants from a rich soil.

This is to act like a real flâneur.

And in the gathering such materials read Renan's "Essay on the 'Song of Songs'."

I shall speak of it some day, but meanwhile read it; it will probably give you some information on the character both of Solomon and his times which you have not now.

It did so to me.

At any rate it is settled that Solomon understood the advantages of flâner.

If with him in his times it was good, how much more necessary now in this nineteenth century, when every man is made nothing but a machine, a mere tool to be used up and cast aside as worthless.

I remember once hearing one of our best thinkers, say to one of our most practical preachers, "Why have we not men in these days like those whose lives I read in Plutarch?"

"Well," was the reply, "perhaps it is rather a Plutarch to write the lives that we want."

There is truth on both sides.

For want of bravery in action, daring, and courage—as well as the bravery of patience in waiting, firmness and resolution—no man can blame us now, either our men or women, after the last four years.

Very true, and yet there is a smack about the old fellows in Plutarch, that we do not find now.

What makes the difference?

Is it the railroad, the steamboat, the telegraph, or what is it?

I know an eccentric man who thinks it is tobacco. But then he is eccentric and does not smoke; I am not and do, so of course we do not agree.

Sometime I shall further discuss this subject with you, and give you my opinion about it. I have not ripened it yet sufficiently for expression.

I must loaf and invite my soul concerning it, a little longer.

That is, I must *flan* upon it.

THE FLANEUR.

PRACTICAL COMMENT.—To be willing to divide with any man who has more than you have.

THE FIRST MAN THAT "STUCK IT"—Jonah.

The U. S. Senate, it would appear from the papers, has adjourned to Connecticut.

The TENN. wants a law passed making it a penal offence for man to have his pistol go off without knowing it.

A TENDER SUBJECT.—In the course of his address to the jury in the recent suit against the Long Island Railroad Company, Mr. Edwin James observed that the public would never be secure from collisions until the Legislature required that the President of the Company should ride upon the Engine, and a quorum of the Directors upon the Tender.

ADVICE TO THE PENN. TREASURER. Speak well of the Bridget that takes you safe over.

HOW TO HAVE AT LEAST TWO GOOD SERVANTS AT TABLE.—Be polite to the persons on either side of you.

INCONSISTENCY.—The government's opposition to the Monroe Doctrine in New Orleans.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Narrative of an expedition to the Laramie and its tributaries, and of the discovery of the lakes Shilwa and Nyasa, 1854-1864. By David and Charles Livingstone, with map and illustrations. Octavo, pp. 638. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A Text-book on Physiology, for the use of schools and colleges; being an abridgement of the author's larger work on Human Physiology. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D. 12mo., pp. 36. New York: Harper & Brothers.

History of Frederick the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. In six volumes. Vol. VI., 12mo., pp. 608. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Eccentric Personages. By W. Russell, LL.D. 12mo. pp. 418. New York: The American News Company.

Lucy Arlyn. By J. T. Trowbridge, author of "Neighbor Jackwood," "Cudde's Cave," "Father Brightshoes," etc., etc. 12mo. pp. 344. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Agnes. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "The Life of Edward Irving," "Chronicles of Carlingford," etc., etc. Pamphlet, pp. 328. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A Child's History of the United States. Vol. III., Part II. History of the Great Rebellion. By John Bonner. 12mo. pp. 367. New York: Harper & Brothers.

St. Martin's Summer. By Anne H. M. Brewster. 12mo. pp. 442. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Geological Sketches. By L. Agassiz. 12mo. pp. 311. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Cedillas; or, the Force of Circumstances. By Anne Argyle. Paper, pp. 177. New York: The American News Company.

Broken to Harness; A Story of English Domestic Life. By Edmund Yates. 12mo. pp. 386. Boston: Loring, Publisher.

The Grahams. A Novel. By Mrs. Trafford Whitehead. 12mo. pp. 323. New York: The American News Company.

FINE ARTS.

WEISMANN & LANGERFELDT,

(SUCCESSORS TO KEIL SEITZ),

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

WORKS OF ART,

No. 942 BROADWAY, CORNER THIRTIETH STREET, N. Y.

We beg leave to inform you that we have purchased the interest and Art Stock of Mr. EMIL SEITZ, and shall continue to carry on the business at the well known store, 942 Broadway. Our assortment will comprise Old and Modern

Line Engravings, Chromo-Lithographs, Photographs, Etchings, Drawing Studies, Oil Paintings, Mezzotints, Lithographs, Water-Color Drawings, and other Works of Art published here and in Europe.

Being connected with the most prominent Fine Art Establishments on both continents, we are enabled to import, at short notice and on the most favorable terms, all works of Art not found in this market.

We will also have on sale the well known Chromo-Lithograph, after Bierstadt's celebrated picture, entitled

"SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW."

"MOMENTS OF ART," being a complete history of Art from the earliest period to the present day, and other works of similar character published by Mr. Seitz.

Special attention will be paid to the framing and hanging of pictures, cleaning and restoring engravings and oil paintings. A complete assortment of Frame-partitions, paper Mosaics, and Picture Cord, constantly on hand.

Soliciting the favor of your patronage,

We remain, very respectfully,

WEISMANN & LANGERFELDT,

G. L. WEISMANN, formerly with Emil Seitz, N. Y.
C. W. R. LANGERFELDT, formerly with Williams & Verett, Boston.
New York, Feb. 15th, 1866.

I would respectfully inform you that I have disposed of the retail portion of my business to MESSRS. WEISMANN & LANGERFELDT, who will continue to carry it on at the well-known stand, corner of Broadway and 13th street; and that I intend to devote myself entirely, from the present date, to my own publications relating to the Fine Arts. I solicit for my successors a continuance of the favor and patronage which I have received from you, and for which I beg leave to return my sincere acknowledgments.

Very respectfully yours,

EMIL SEITZ,

New York, Feb. 15th, 1866.

GEBHARD'S GYMNASIUM.

FENCING, SKATING, AND ARCHERY.

161 FIFTH AVE., and 937 BROADWAY. (near 23d St.)

The undersigned begs to remind the public of the actual necessity of proper and systematic physical exercise, in order to the preservation of good health. To those of sedentary habits and phlegmatic temperaments, and indeed all, a healthy action of the lungs, nerves, and muscles, is of the greatest importance; for in the absence of this healthy action, the system soon becomes deranged and disorganized, when we readily become the unconscious victims of fevers, cholera, nervous and spinal affections, and numerous other complaints.

By a thorough course of Gymnastics alone, can these evils be averted, because of the diversity of these exercises, by which all the functions of the system are influenced and benefited. This desirable state of things cannot be accomplished by any one species of exercise—as walking, riding, &c. Physicians know and will corroborate these facts.

Day Classes for Ladies, Mimes, and Masters in the morning. Gentlemen's classes in the evening.

HENRY GEBHARD

N. B. Mr. Gebhard respectfully announces to his young lady patrons that he has introduced into his establishment the practice of Archery, one of the most exhilarating and healthful exercises known.

AMUSEMENTS.

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SP. This establishment does not advertise in the N. Y. Herald.

EASTER WEEK.
EASTER, MONDAY AND EASTER TUESDAY,
April 24 and 25,

first nights of Meyerbeer's
HUGUENOTS.
HUGUENOTS.

with new scenery, costumes, properties, appointments, increased Chorus and Orchestra, Military Band, Ballet, etc., etc., and a great cast, including
MRS. CAROLINE SUGG, MISS ADOLPHINE PHILLIPS, MISS CLAUDE CLAYBOL, SIGNOR MASOLENI, SIGNOR BELLINI, SIGNOR ARDAVANI, SIGNOR ANTONUCCI, ETC.

THE ARION SOCIETY
have in the kindest manner volunteered to sing in
THE GRAND CONJURATION SCENE,
which, together with the regular Chorus, will be
THE LARGEST CHORAL FORCE
ever presented in Opera at the Academy.

WEDNESDAY, April 4, GRAND MATINEE,
CRISPINO E LA COMARE.
WEDNESDAY EVENING—LUOREZIA BORGIA.
Senorita CAROLINA Foch as Lucrezia.

Reserved Seats and Tickets for any of the above-named performances may now be had at the regular ticket offices.

WALLACK'S.
Proprietor and Manager. Mr. LAWREN WALLACE.
SP. This establishment does not advertise in the N. Y. Herald.
Open at half-past seven. Begin at eight.

SATURDAY,
BENEFIT OF MRS. VERNON,
Not acted this season, Buckstone's favorite Comedy,
SINGLE LIFE,
and, first time, a Comedy of peculiar construction, the cast consisting entirely of Ladies, entitled
LADIES AT HOME.

MONDAY,
BENEFIT OF MR. H. ISHERWOOD,
Comic Artist.
TWO FINE PIECES OF THE SAME NIGHT,
DREAMS OF DELUSION,
and
MARRIED LIFE.

The highly attractive new comedy
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SOCIETY.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 31.
BENEFIT
OF
MRS. VERNON

(From "Temple Bar.")
A TRUE BOHEMIAN.

Poor Henri Murger, himself a *jeune ombre* and a Bohemian, dying in a Paris hospital at the early age of thirty-two, writing of literary men in the preface to his wonderful *Scènes de la vie de Bohème*, asserts that the "*vie charmante et vie terrible*" of Bohemianism, with its terminations of the Academy, the Hospital, or the Morgue, is possible only in Paris. We may hope, for the sake of our English *littérateurs*, that such now is the case, and that the time has for ever passed when, as Thomas Carlyle says, "an Otway could still die of hunger, not to speak of your innumerable Scrogginses, whom the Muse found stretched beneath a rug, with 'rusty grate unconscious of a fire;' stocking night-cap, sanded floor, and all the other escheteons of craft time out of mind the heirlooms of authorship," the day when an author of no mean repute could point out in warning to aspirants the result of a life-long devotion to literature—

"In velvety bed or loathsome dungeon end
They idle life."

er the age when a man, nobly-gifted as was Savage, could remain homeless, and often without food, studying in the busy streets, and writing his productions, with borrowed pen and ink, upon scraps of paper picked out of the kennels during his weary rambles; living by chance, occasionally partaking of a good meal at the table of a patron when the state of his clothing was such as to permit him to accept an invitation; and sleeping, in winter, in dens and holes, with the profligate and debauched of both sexes; or, in summer, at *l'hôtel de la belle étoile*. Unfortunately, the race of "Jacob Tonson's ragamuffins" is not yet extinct, and with the heart-breaking cry of dying David Gray, "Am I not worth fifteen pounds?" ringing in our ears, we cannot see the golden sands of Paoctolus for very tears. So far however, as regards morality of life and conversation we may accept the dictum of Alexander Smith, in *Dreamthorp*, that the poets of our day have "improved upon their brethren in Johnson's time, who were, according to Lord Macaulay, hunted by bailiffs, and familiar with spunging-houses, and who, when hospitably entertained, were wont to disturb the household of the entertainer by rearing for hot punch at four o'clock in the morning." Murger's pictures of the Bohemianism of to-day are photographs of the lives of the majority of the English writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and more especially those who lived immediately prior to or contemporary with Shakespeare, many of whom were adventurers, living as much upon their wits as by the exercise of the talent which they too often prostituted; men who, as D'Israeli the elder says of Amherst, having lost their own characters, "hastened to reform the morals and politics of the nation," writing words of wisdom, and living like fools and knaves, wearing the Nessus robe of genius, and trailing the sacred garment through every possible scene of vice, devoting their pens to the service of everything honest and true, and their lives to the pursuit of everything vicious and false. First and foremost in the ranks of such men stands Robert Greene, M.A., one of those unfortunate beings whose sins may be known by the number and duration of their fits of repentance. "Meane scholars may have high thoughts though low fortunes," said he, in one of his numberless prefaces, but in his case the low fortunes were only the natural results of his own folly. Almost forgotten to-day, Oldys speaks of him as "the greatest refiner of language in his time," and it has been suggested by Charles Knight that the passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*—

"The three three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning late deceased in beggary,"

is an allusion to him. If so, the reference may be considered as a graceful *amende honorable* for the numerous plagiarisms from Greene's writings of which Shakespeare had been guilty.

It would appear that the parents of our Bohemian were poor people, natives of Norwich, where the poet was born about the year 1550. It is a mystery how they were enabled to afford their son an education at the University of Cambridge, but that they did so is shown by his Master of Arts degree. He also went upon the "grand tour," as was usual with the young gentlemen of that age, but it may be that the ready wit and good-fellowship for which he was distinguished had obtained for him the patronage and friendship of young men of high social position, and who found the means wherewith to defray his expenses, being in return immortalised as "wags as lewd" as himself. This journey affected all his future life, for there can be no doubt, judging from his broken hints and confessions, that he brought back with him many evil habits. Shortly after his return to England, he married an amiable and beautiful lady of good family and fortune, and, sad and strange to say, after the birth of their first child, he basely and cruelly deserted her, never returning, although it is evident, from many allusions to her scattered through his writings, that he bitterly repented the foolish act, but he seems to have lacked sufficient moral courage to return and crave forgiveness. He had written successfully even when at college, but it was not until he had squandered his wife's fortune that he joined the "unutterable shoe-black-scrap army of authors," and began to write for daily bread. From this in all otherwise gloomy period of his life, there shines one gleam of goodness inasmuch as it appears that, although he did not dare to return to his wife, he did not squander all his earnings in dissipation, but sent part of his income to the excellent woman whom he had deserted. To say that he was dissipated is only to say that he

was a sixteenth century *littérateur*; had he been moral and temperate, he would have been a *rara avis*. Ben Jonson himself, and the minor lights by whom he was surrounded, fell into the same vice of drinking, which, at that time, had attained almost to the dignity of a science, the great dramatist being nicknamed Canary-bird, on account of his fondness of Canary, and tradition has it he used to get drunk, and then go home to bed, "and when he had thoroughly perspired, then to study." Drummond, of Hawthornden, says candidly that drink was "the element" in which Jonson lived.

Almost without exception the men-about-town writers of that day were roysterers and revellers, or at least whenever they had the means they were so. One day they were compulsory anchorites, and the next they were sage Sybarites. In those cases where they died in their beds, like Peele, their deaths were attributable not to the gradual decay of nature, but to their vices; in other cases they managed like Marlowe to receive a stab in a brawl about a courtesan. Such dundriven poets and others who had all their vices without any spark of genius, were Greene's boon companions, the very tavern-keepers, as he himself said, making much of him until he was more in their debt than he ever meant to pay "twenty nobles thick." Surrounded by drunkards it would not have been surprising had his palate lost its taste for the fine clear draught of Castalian; surrounded by worse characters of the opposite sex it would not have been astonishing had he failed to see the wondrous calm beauty dwelling in the divine eyes of Pallas Athené. Such, however, was not the case. Whatever his life was, and it scarcely could have been more unclean, his writings continued to be pure, just as poor Dick Steele, during the most immoral period of his life wrote the "Christian Hero," a religious volume, "which the contrition of every morning dictated, and to which the disorder of every evening added another penitential page." Pamphlets, plays, songs, and poems, flowed rapidly from his pen; but it is impossible to put faith in those of his defamers, such as the villainous Harvey, who allude to their immorality, for although many of Greene's pieces are lost to us, the number still left is very considerable, and they assuredly will not only bear comparison with, but will stand in favorable contrast to, the words of his contemporaries. His own remorseful confession, too, is equally valueless, and must have been penned in some moment of painful depression, when all his sins and frailties were magnified to his distempered vision, for, in another place, a "wanton pamphlet," to which he alludes with regret is the beautiful "Philomela," dedicated to that good woman the Lady Bridgett Ratcliff, and certainly containing nothing unfit for such a virtuous gentlewoman to read. That there are many sentences in his writings which would not be allowed to pass unreprieved to-day is undeniable; but compared with the effusions of other light writers of his time, Greene's books are singular in their freedom from coarseness. The few blemishes are not owing, and cannot be traced, to any native impurity of imagination, but are attributable in a great measure to the laxity of the age, and it is as unfair to judge his writings without taking into consideration the times in which they were sent forth, as it would be to condemn Fielding because his characters swear and talk slang as naturally and fluently as gentlemen did when that author portrayed them. An American writer, alluding to Dryden, who, under very different circumstances to those by which Greene was surrounded and influenced, stooped to become a parasite, writing comedies teeming with licentiousness, says, "Had he lived in the reign of George III., he would not have been more immoral than Churchill. Had he lived in our days his muse would have been as pure as that of Campbell." Had Robert Green lived in a purer age, doubtless the few blemishes would not be found in his writings.

Greene's life during the period of his association with Nash, Marlowe, Peele, and other Bohemians, was afterwards described by himself as the days of "an arch play-making poet," whose purse, "like the sea, sometimes well'd, and anon like the sea fell;" but whose labors were so well esteemed that "seldom he wanted," although he "had shifte of lodgings when in every place his hostesse writ up the wofull remembrance of him, his landresse and his boy, for they were ever in his household besides retayners in other places." The reference to his landress and his boy draws a light upon a dark and intensely painful portion of his history. Leading a life so opposed to all that was good and peaceful, it became necessary for him to employ a strong band of blackguards "to guard him in danger of arrestes," as says one of his contemporaries. The leader of this gang was a noted ruffian named Cutting Ball, who was afterwards hung at Tyburn, or, as Greene said, "truss'd under a tree as round as a ball," and immortalized by Nash, who in one of his pieces threatens an individual that "ballads" shall be made of his death, "as there was of Cutting Ball." This man's sister, "a sorry ragged queene," Greene took under his protection. Very little is known of her save that she was the mother of his child Fortunatus, or, as his enemies designated it, *Infortunatus*, and that for some years she shared his chequered fortune. The child died the year following that of its father's untimely end, and there is an entry of burial at St. Leonard's Church, "1593. *Fortunatus Green was buryed the same day*," the entry immediately preceding it bearing the date August twelfth. The sudden and disgraceful deaths of so many of Greene's boon companions do not appear to have affected him, for his days continued to be spent with the "lowest of the land." In the society, however, of such men he appears to have used all his powers of observa-

tion, learning all their tricks, and studying all their knavery, slang, and cant. The knowledge so acquired afterwards was turned to good account in an exposure of the doings of that "uncleanse generations of vipers," as to render his life unsafe. At this period he appears to have been quite friendless, unless ale-house companions may be considered friends; and his daily life was a round of debauchery, varied by hours of bitter but unproductive repentance, followed by nights of literary labor, when, with the fumes of wine still hanging about him, he wrote sentences which would do no shame to the most moral writer of to-day. The deeper the degradation of his life, the brighter and finer his ideas appear to have been, and one can easily understand how poignant must have been the remorse of a man who knew what was right and good, and yet had not the moral courage to follow it. The inconsistency of such a life of vice and debauchery with his better nature and with his ideal, is manifest from a code which he drew up for the proper conduct of life, but which, alas! he himself was unable to act up to, embracing as its sentences such as the following:

"Let God's worship be thy morning worke, and his wisdom the direction of thy day's labour."

"Rise not without thanks, nor sleepe not without repentance."

"Of thy wife be wise; make her thy secretary; else locke thy thoughts in thy heart; for women are seldom silent."

"Let thy children's nurture be their richest portion; for wisdom is more precious than wealth."

And also from his advice to Philador:

"First, serve God; let him be the author of all thy actions. Please him with prayer and penance, lest if he frowne he confound all thy fortunes, and thy labors be like the drops of rain on a sandy ground. . . . Be secretary to thyself, and speak no more to any privately than thou wouldst have published openly. . . . Be not too prodigal, for even they that consume thee laugh at thee: nor too covetous, for sparing oftentimes is dishonor. . . . Little talk shows much wisdom; but hear what thou canst, for thou hast two ears. . . . Turne not to a painted goddess, but to a pitiful God."

Careful only to have "a spel in his purse to conjure up a good cup of wine with at all times," as Nash said of him, Greene appears to have put all consideration for the morrow upon one side, living day by day from hand to mouth, and trusting to the pen which never failed him until the unsteady hand and trembling fingers refused any longer to guide it, to bring him not only the means wherewith to purchase food, but also to support his extravagance. It is, however, satisfactory to find that although his companions, Marlowe, Peele, and Nash, were more than careless in matters of religion, Greene's sins in this respect appear to have been more of omission than of commission. All his references to the Divine Being seem to have been dictated by a true reverential feeling, and in allusion to Marlowe's plays, he said, "I could not make my verses get upon the stage in tragical buskins. . . . daring God out of heaven like that atheist Tamburlaine." So far, however, as immorality of life was concerned, there does not appear to have been much, if any, difference. If their writings differed from each other in degree of purity and morality of sentiment and purpose, the lives of the Bohemians of that day were wonderfully similar—excepting from this charge, however, Lodge, who, although an associate, seems to have led a virtuous and quiet life; and Shakespeare, who can scarcely be considered a Bohemian, and whose only connection with Greene appears to have been the founding of *As You Like It* upon Greene's *Rosalinde*, and of the *Winter's Tale* upon his *Pandosto*, in the latter of which plays the great dramatist plagiarised Greene's error of placing Bohemia upon the seacoast.

It could not be expected that a life made up of discordant elements could be a prolonged one. The end soon drew near. In August, 1592, he was the principal guest at a feast, where he partook too freely of pickled herrings and Rhenish wine, and a severe illness followed. He lay at "a shoemaker's house near Dowgate," and, as is usual with boon companions, found himself deserted by those who had sat at his table, lived at his expense, laughed at his wit, and profited by his wisdom. He remained there a month, none of his old companions visiting him. Nash, afterwards trying to explain his conduct, urging in defence that they had not been very intimate friends, but only "companions for a carouse or two;" and it is extremely probable that had it not been for the pitiful malignity and venomous spite of Harvey, who hated Greene because the poor Bohemian had made some allusion to the fact of Harvey's ancestors having been ropemakers, and who, to suit his own base ends, learned from the landlady, "with tears in her eyes, and sighs from a deeper fountain, for she loved him dearly," the sad narrative, we should not have had any account of Greene's death. In the shoemaker's house, near Dowgate, the poor Bohemian lay, his apparel pawned for a few shillings; gone the gay doublet and hose; gone the gallant sword; gone every article of clothing save a ragged shirt. Patient and penitent, the successful author, poet, and dramatist prepared for death, the shoemaker's wife and the mother of his child, Fortunatus, watching day and night, attending to his cry for "a foaming pot of Malmsey," and almost terrified by his expressions of remorse and woe. In place of the accustomed oath, prayers such as "O Lord, forgive me my manifold offences, and in thy mercy, Lord, pardon them all," issued from his fast paling lips. About nine o'clock in the evening of the day preceding that of his death, a person called upon him with "commendations" from the woman he had deserted, "whereat he greatly rejoiced," and confessing that he had deeply wronged her, expressed a wish that they should meet. Fearing, however, that such would not be the case, he wrote to her: "Sweet wife, as ever there was any good-will or friendship between thee and me, see this bearer, my host, satisfied of his debt. I owe him ten pounds, and but for him I had

perished in the streets. Forget and forgive my wrongs done unto thee, and Almighty God have mercie upon my soul! Farewell, till we meet in heaven, for on earth thou shalt never see me more. Thy dying husband, Rob. Greene." This letter was written upon the 2nd of September, 1592, and upon the following day he died, the poor shoemaker's wife crowning the pallid brow with a wreath of bay-leaves, and paying four shillings for a winding-sheet, and six shillings and fourpence for his interment. He had given her husband a bond, at the foot of which he had written one of the most pathetic notes of the kind in the whole range of literature: "Doll, I charge thee by the love of our youth and by my soule's rest, that thou wilt see this man paid, for if hee and his wife had not succoured mee, I had died in the streets. Robert Greene." With his books and papers another letter, addressed to his wife, was found, in which he expressed regret for having made her "a woefull wife;" and said, that he was "as voyde of helpe" in his extremity, as she had been of hope; and concluded with a sad summary of his sorrows and aspirations. "All my wrongs muster themselves about me; every evill at once plagues me. For my contempt of God I am condemned of men; for my swearing and forswearing no one will believe me; for my gluttony, I suffer hunger; for my drunkenness, thirst. Thus God hath caste me downe, that I might be humbled, and punished me for example of others' sin: and although he suffers me in the world to perish without succour, yet trust I in the world to come to find mercy with the merits of my Saviour, to whom I command thee, and commit my soul. Thy repentant husband, for his disloyalty, Robert Greene."

(From London Society.)

NATHAN MEYER ROTHSCHILD OF LONDON.

Many volumes might be filled with memoirs of the Jew merchants of London. Famous and influential all through the middle and later ages, they have shared largely in the increased prosperity of English merchants during the last five or six generations. Ever since the days of the South Sea bubble, when stockjobbing—a word with an ugly sound, though not necessarily with any evil meaning attached to it—became a regular trade, they have been almost its leading representatives. The world-famous Rothschilds had forerunners almost as famous in the brothers Goldsmid and Samson Gideon.

Gideon, the son of a West India merchant, was born early in the eighteenth century. His schooling was in that South Sea scheme, and the hundred other financial bubbles attendant on it, which so grievously affected English commerce and the happiness of all classes of English people in 1790 and the following years. Robert Walpole's friend, he began, as a young man, to enrich himself by help of the lotteries and other stockjobbing appliances which Walpole and nearly every other statesman of those times encouraged. But he seems to have done it honestly. His first great accession of wealth came in 1745, the year of the Pretender's rebellion. During the panic caused by the report that an insurgent army was marching upon London, stock of all sorts fell to an almost nominal value. Samson Gideon was nearly the only man who did not share in the alarm. Instead of trying to dispose of his scrip, he wisely invested every pound that he possessed, or that he could borrow, in buying more. Before many days were over, when it was known that the Pretender's army had been routed, he was able to sell out at a vastly increased rate, and to find himself in consequence master of something like a quarter of a million. That wealth, prudently applied during the next fifteen or sixteen years, was nearly quadrupled in the time.

Gideon was described by his contemporaries as "a shrewd, sarcastic man, possessed of a rich vein of humor; good-hearted and generous in all private relationships, honest and trustworthy in all business matters." In 1745, when Snow, the banker, as fearful as his neighbors, wrote in plaintive terms to beg that he would immediately repay a sum of £30,000 that he had borrowed of him, the broker adopted a characteristic way of replying him for his groundless anxiety and melancholy. Procuring a little bottle of hartshorn, he wrapped round it twenty £1000 notes, and packing it up like a doctor's parcel, addressed it to "Mr. Thomas Snow, goldsmith, near Temple-Bar."

He was a great promoter of insurance and annuity funds, and from which he drew a great part of his wealth. "Never grant life annuities to old women," he used to say, "they wither, but they never die." And if he was in attendance at the office when a sickly, asthmatic-looking person came for an insurance, he would exclaim, "Ay, ay, you may cough, but it shan't save you six months' purchase."

Gideon's great ambition was to found an English house. He was too old, he said, to change his own religion; but he brought up his children as Christians, taking special interest in the education of the eldest of them, who, when a boy of eleven, was made a baronet through Walpole's influence. Once, it is said, the honest man attempted to catechize this son on the cardinal points of his faith. "Who made you?" was his first question. "God," answered the lad. "Who redeemed you?" he next asked, without oppression of his easy conscience. "Jesus Christ," was the reply. But what was the third question? Gideon could not remember what he ought to say. "Who—who—who?" he stammered out; adding at last, with a reckless appropriation of the first thought that occurred to him, "who gave you that hat?" Young Samson had answered boldly before; he now said as boldly, "The Holy Ghost."

Like tolerance of all creeds was shown by Gideon in the will made public after his death on the 17th of October, 1782. He left £1000 to the synagogue in which he had worshipped, and £2000 to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, besides £1000 to the London Hospital, and other bequests to worthy institutions of all sorts. "Gideon is dead, worth more than the whole land of Canaan," it was said in a contemporary letter. "He has left the reversion of all his milk and honey, after his son and daughter and their children, to the Duke of Devonshire, without insisting on the duke's taking his name or being circumcised."

Contemporary with Samson Gideon was Aaron Goldsmid, a less wealthy, but perhaps a worthier man; a tapper, a better and more consistent Jew. He came from Hamburg about the middle of the eighteenth century, and settled as a merchant in Leman street, Goodman's Fields. He died in 1782, leaving four sons, George, Asker, Benjamin, and Abraham, to carry on his business. The two younger born, the one in 1755, and the other in 1756, were the most prosperous. Either separately, or in company with the others, they carried on their business in Leman street till 1792. In that year they took a house in Capel street, opposite the Bank of England, and began using the wealth they had accumulated as stockbrokers and money-lenders. In Abraham Newland, chief cashier of the Bank, they had a good friend. Knowing them to be honest and enterprising men, he entrusted them with much of the business that came in his way; and as at that time the managers of the Bank were busy in contracting loans for the government, then overwhelmed with the foreign warfare occasioned by the French Revolution, the Goldsmids had plenty to do. They soon established a large connection, winning everywhere respect for the strict promptitude and honor with which they managed all their transactions. Chance, as well as their own good sense, was in their favor. In one year they gained two sweepstakes of vast amount in the great lotteries still in fashion, besides £1000 worth of stock and several other prizes. In 1794, when a great many of their neighbors were ruined, their entire losses from had debts amounted to only £50. Benjamin Goldsmid, indeed, shared with Nathan Rothschild the repute of possessing unequalled skill in estimating the worth of every name, English or foreign, that could be found on the back of a bill. That, and the consequent skill in making money, were nearly all that the two men had in common. Both of the Goldsmids were as generous as they were rich. Accumulating wealth with unheard-of rapidity, they distributed in charity much more than the tithes prescribed by their Mosaic law. Numberless instances of their co-operation in every sort of philanthropic work are on record, and the memory of their princely benevolence has not yet ceased among old city men. They were also famous for the splendid hospitality with which they entertained all the leaders of society in their day. They built themselves great houses in town; and they invested portions of their wealth in buying country residences. Abraham became Master of Morden; Benjamin made a home for his wife and seven children at Rochampton.

He did not himself enjoy it long. On the morning of the 11th April, 1808, when he was only thirty-three years old, he was found to have hanged himself from his own bedstead. Of a plethoric disposition, he had, while yet a young man, seriously injured his constitution by a reckless habit of blood letting, and that had brought upon him occasional fits of melancholy, prompting him at last to suicide.

The mischief did not end there. Abraham Goldsmid never ceased to grieve for his brother. The two, it was said, had all life long been singularly devoted to one another. Every step in their rapid rise to fortune had been made by them together, and nothing had ever arisen to cause difference between them, or lack of interest in one another's movements. Abraham had been reputed the best man of business, but if it was so, his business powers were shattered by his brother's death. Every enterprise in which he embarked during the next two years was more or less unfortunate. At last, in 1810, he staked all his wealth and all his credit upon a new government loan for £14,000,000. That sum he and Sir Francis Baring—of whom we shall see something hereafter—contracted to supply. It was expected that the shares would sell well, and much profit accrue to the first purchasers, and Abraham Goldsmid accordingly induced all his friends to take them up freely. He was greatly disappointed at finding that, partly from the bad odor in which the English government was just then, and partly from an opposition organized by younger men like Rothschild to such old leaders of the Stock Exchange as himself and Baring, the shares fell heavily upon the market. Sold cheaply at first, they steadily declined in value, to fall yet further in consequence of the sudden death of Baring on the 19th of September. Goldsmid estimated that he had lost £300,000 by the speculation, and that nearly all his friends were sufferers in like proportion. This increased his melancholy, and on the 28th of September, when there was another fall in prices, he went home in a very excited state. After dinner he went into the garden and shot himself.

The opposition raised by his and Baring's enemies was certainly successful. The unexpected death of these two men made room for the rapid advancement of others. Among them Nathan Meyer Rothschild was by far the most successful.

He was born on the 16th of September, 1776, at Frankfort-on-the-Main. There, in the vilest part of

the town, the quarter specially assigned to the Jew money-lenders, pawnbrokers, old-clothes-men, and the like, and therefore known as the Juden-gasse or Jew's alley, his grandfather had been settled as a merchant or dealer of some sort from near the beginning of the eighteenth century; and there his father, Meyer Anselm, or Anselm, was born in 1743, six years before Goethe. According to one report, this Meyer Anselm had been educated by kind strangers to become a priest, and had already acquired some fame as a learned archæologist and numismatist, when his father brought him home, and forced him to settle down as a broker in Frankfort. According to another and more probable account, he was left a penniless orphan at the age of eleven, and had to work his way on foot to Hanover, there to get some employment as a money-changer's shop-boy, and slowly to save enough money to take him back to Frankfort, when he was nearly thirty years old. At any rate, he was married and established in Frankfort as a money-lender, pawnbroker, and dealer in second-hand goods in 1772. His little shop in Jew's alley was known by its sign of the Red Shield, or Roth-Schild, whence he himself acquired the name of Meyer Anselm Rothschild. It was a busier shop than any other in the neighborhood, frequented by the greatest persons in Frankfort, who came either to borrow money or to buy the pictures, coins, cameos, and other rarities of which the broker was a skilful collector. One of these was William, Landgrave of Hesse, who, after several years' trial of old Rothschild, liked him so well, that when the French bombarded Frankfort in 1796, he gave him and his treasures safe housing in his fortified house at Cassel. The Jew's alley was destroyed by the French, and on their retirement its old inmates were allowed to disperse themselves over Frankfort, and to live on an equality with their Christian neighbors. Meyer Rothschild, therefore, as soon as he went back to the town, built himself a handsome house in one of its most fashionable parts. He was appointed foreign banker and financial agent of Landgrave William, and at once entered on a more extensive and more profitable range of business than had previously been within his reach. He was a rich man in 1806, when the Landgrave, being in his turn forced to flee from the onslaught of Napoleon, just then carving out a kingdom of Westphalia for his brother Jerome, entrusted to him his treasure of three million florins, something like 250,000*l*. This money he invested very successfully; lending at exorbitant rates, pawning for trifling sums the property of owners who in those unsettled times were never able to redeem their property, and turning pence and pounds in every possible way that the usurer at any rate would consider honest. When he died, in 1812, he left twelve million florins to be divided among his five sons, Anselm, Solomon, Nathan Meyer, Charles, and James. From these five sons he exacted an oath upon his death-bed, that they would keep his business intact, extending it as much as they could, but acting always in partnership, so that the world might know only one house of Rothschild. The oath was strictly kept, with this exception, that Nathan, the third son, proving the cleverest of them all, came to be practically the head of the house, in place of his elder brother Anselm.

Fourteen or fifteen years before that, Nathan had left Frankfort. Very soon after the opening of the enlarged business in 1797, when he was about one-and-twenty, he had represented to his father that there were too many of them in Frankfort, and obtained from him a sum of 20,000*l*., with which to go and push a fresh connection in Manchester, then full of the turmoil of the new cotton trade, and crowded with young adventurers glad to borrow money at high rates of interest, for the sake of investing as manufacturers or warehousemen. This was the best possible field for young Rothschild's talents, and he reaped from it a golden harvest. He was money-lender and pawnbroker. He also speculated in raw cotton in the Liverpool market, and dabbled both in calico making and printing, and in the selling of the manufactured goods; boasting that while his neighbors were content with the single profits of one or other of these three businesses, he succeeded in pocketing all the three profits. By 1808 it was guessed that his 20,000*l*. had grown into 200,000*l*.

In or near that year he left Manchester to settle in London, considering that the most successful of all his businesses, that of money-lending, could be carried on quite as well in one place as another, and that other work as remunerative would be more within reach in London than in any smaller town. This change, indeed, was part of a plan by which eventually the five brothers took possession of all the chief centres of European commerce, Anselm remaining in Frankfort, Solomon being sometimes in Berlin, sometimes in Vienna, Charles being in Naples, James in Paris, and Nathan in London.

In 1806 Nathan married a daughter of Levi Barnett Cohen, one of the wealthiest Jew merchants then in London. Prudent Cohen, it was said, after he had accepted him as his daughter's suitor, became nervous about the extent of his property. A man who speculated so recklessly, he thought, was very likely to be speculating with other people's money. He therefore asked for proof of young Rothschild's wealth. Young Rothschild refused to give it, answering that as far as wealth and good character went, Mr. Cohen could not do better than give him all his daughters in marriage.

If "good character" meant steadiness and skill in money-making, he was certainly right. Nathan Rothschild was without a rival in that art. Having persistently advanced his fortune in private ways

through some years, he began, in 1810, to trade in government securities. He bought up, at a discount, a number of Wellington's drafts for the expenses of the Peninsular war, which the Treasury had no funds at hand for meeting, and by transferring them to the government at par, with a prolongation of the term of payment, he managed to help it out of a difficulty, and at the same time to insure a large profit for himself. "It was the best business I ever did," he used to say; and it was certainly the beginning of a new stage in his glittering—more glittering than brilliant—course of money-making. It and other like services that followed made friends for him at the Treasury, and so helped him to procure early information as to the progress of war and the policy of the English and foreign governments, which gave him a notable advantage over his fellow-stockjobbers. The ramifications of the Rothschild establishment, and connections on the continent, moreover, made him the best agent of the government in transmitting money to the armies in Spain and elsewhere, and this agency he made profitable to himself in various ways. Finding the immense power that he derived from his appliances for securing early information in foreign affairs, he made it his business to extend and increase them to the very utmost. He turned pigeon fancier, and buying all the best birds he could find, he made it his holiday work to train them himself, and so organized a machinery for rapid transmission of messages unrivalled in the days when railways and telegraphs were yet unknown. He made careful study of routes, distances, and local facilities for quick travelling, and mapped out new roads for the passage of his human agents carrying documents or money. The South-Eastern Railway Company, it is said, established their line of steamers between Folkestone and Boulogne, because it was found that Rothschild had already proved that route to be the best for the dispatch of his swift rowing boats.

Rothschild's greatest achievement in overreaching distance and his fellow-speculators was in 1815. He was near the Chateau d'Hongoumont on the 18th of June, watching, as eagerly as Bonaparte and Wellington themselves, the progress of the Battle of Waterloo. All day long he followed the fighting with strained eyes, knowing that on its issue depended his welfare as well as Europe's. At sunset he saw that the victory was with Wellington and the allies. Then, without a moment's delay, he mounted a horse that had been kept in readiness for him, and hurried homewards. Everywhere on his road fresh horses or carriages were in waiting to help him over the ground. Riding or driving all night, he reached Ostend at daybreak, to find the sea so stormy that the boatmen refused to trust themselves to it. At last he prevailed upon a fisherman to make the venture for a reward of 80*l*. In that way he managed to reach Dover. At Dover, and at the intermediate stages on the road to London, other horses were in waiting, and he was in London before midnight. Next morning, the morning of the 20th of June, he was one of the first to enter the Stock Exchange. In gloomy whispers he told those who, as usual, crowded round him for news, that Blücher and his Prussians had been routed by Napoleon before Wellington had been able to reach the field; that by himself he could not possibly succeed, and therefore the cause of England and her allies was lost. The funds fell, as they were meant to fall. Every one was anxious to sell, and Rothschild and his accredited agents scoffed at all who brought them scrip for purchase. But scores of unknown agents were at work all that day and all the next. Before the Stock Exchange closed on the afternoon of that day, the 21st of June, when Nathan Rothschild's strong boxes were full of paper, he announced, an hour or so before the news came through other channels, the real issue of the contest. Very soon the funds were higher than they had ever been for many previous weeks; and Rothschild found that he had made something like a million pounds by his quick travelling and clever misrepresentation.

Other millions came rather more slowly, from other transactions of a like nature. Sometimes he was unsuccessful. In negotiating the English loan for 12,000,000*l*. in 1819, the first national loan for which he was a contractor, he lost something. He suffered a little also from a French loan in 1823, which fell ten per cent. in a few days' time. In both these instances, however, he managed to get rid of his bad bargains before his customers knew all the facts, and so threw nearly all the burden upon them. By his association in Lord Bexley's scheme for funding exchequer bills in a three and a half per cent. stock, he was said to be a sufferer to the extent of nearly 500,000*l*.

A part of Rothschild's wealth, however, came from his negotiations of foreign loans. These he was the first to make popular in the English market. Preparing for his customers precise details of the state of foreign money projects, he further helped them to share in them by establishing, under his own management, a mode of paying the dividends in London, and at an organised tariff of English money. He soon came to be the principal agent of all the great or needy governments—Russian, Turkish, French, German, North American, and South American—in disposing of their scrip to the English stockjobbers.

Out of nearly all such transactions he secured large profits; one of them by itself yielding the 115,000*l*. with which he bought the estate of Gunnersbury, near London. They helped him also in his old business of bill discounting. He never, it was said just after his death, "hesitated for a moment in fixing the rate, either as a drawer or as a taker, on any part of the world; and his memory

was so retentive that, notwithstanding the immense transactions in which he entered on every foreign post day, and that he never took a note of them, he could, on his return home, with perfect exactness dictate the whole to his clerks.

In all sorts of other ways of making money Nathan Rothschild was as clever. The story of his mercury transactions is well known to many. Nearly all the mercury procurable in Europe comes either from Idria in Illyria, or from Almaden in Spain. The Almaden mines, profitable through twenty-five centuries, had fallen for some years into disuse before 1831, when Rothschild, becoming contractor for a Spanish loan, proposed, as recompense for his trouble, to hold them for a certain term at a nominal rental. That was cheerfully agreed to, and the mines soon began to give token of renewed activity. In a kindred way the great merchant obtained possession of the mines at Idria. The consequence was that the price of mercury was suddenly doubled. Rothschild had quietly acquired a monopoly of the article, and he was able to charge for it whatever he thought fit. It was nothing to him that the exorbitant prices which helped to feed his coffers drove some smaller tricksters to scrape off the quicksilver from old looking-glasses and the like, and work it up into poisonous calomel, as well as bad material for new mirrors, thermometers, and so forth.

For this mercury contrivance Rothschild was much and properly abused. His conduct was not often such as could be expected to win the admiration of his fellows. Once he was in need of bullion, and accordingly went to the Bank parlor to ask for a loan. The gold was given to him on his engagement to return it by a certain day. When the day came Rothschild was again in Threadneedle street. But instead of the looked-for gold he produced a bundle of notes. The officials in attendance reminded him that the Bank reserve had been broken in upon for his accommodation, and that he had promised to return the money in kind. "Very well, gentlemen," he is reported to have replied, "give me back the notes. I dare say your cashier will honor them with gold from your vaults, and then I can return you bullion."

The great man's jokes were not very brilliant. The best of them owes its point to his Jewish pronunciation. At a Lord Mayor's dinner he sat next to a guest noted for his stinginess, who chanced to say that, for his part, he preferred mutton to venison. "Ah, I see," Rothschild answered; "you like mutton because it is sheep (cheap); other people like venison because it is deer (dear)." Rothschild was stingy too in all business matters, and especially, it was said, as regarded the salaries he paid to his clerks. But there was plenty of venison and turbot to be had at his house in Piccadilly. There he did his utmost to ape the fashions and catch the patronage of the ladies of society in the West End; and all the appointments of his house, and of the frequent banquets given in it, were marked by wonderful glitter—but it was only glitter. "You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothschild," said one of his visitors once. "Happy! me happy!" he exclaimed. "What! happy! when just as you are going to dine you have a letter placed in your hands, saying, 'If you do not send me 500*l*. I will blow your brains out!' Me happy!"

At another time two strangers, presenting themselves at his counting-house in St. Swithin's Lane, were admitted into his private room. They were tall foreigners, with mustachios and beards such as were not often to be seen in the city thirty years ago; and Rothschild, always timid, was frightened from the moment of their entrance. He put his own interpretation upon the excited movements with which they fumbled about in their pockets, and before the expected pistols could be produced, he had thrown a great ledger in the direction of their heads, and brought in a bevy of clerks by his cries of "Murder!" The strangers were pinioned, and then, after long questioning and explanations, it appeared that they were wealthy bankers from the Continent, who, nervous in the presence of a banker so much more wealthy, had had some difficulty in finding the letters of introduction which they were to present.

Anecdotes of that sort abound. They show, what the life of every other greedy money-maker shows, that happiness cannot be bought with wealth alone. Nathan Rothschild, however, was a zealous money-maker to the last. It was the wish of his father that the house of Rothschild should continue united from generation to generation. Each of the brothers had a share in all the others' concerns. It was in furtherance of the general scheme that, some time before, Nathan's youngest brother, James, had married one of his nieces. In 1836 it was resolved that Nathan's eldest son, Lionel, should marry one of his cousins, a daughter of Anselm Rothschild of Frankfort. With that object the father and son went to Frankfort in June. But on the wedding day Nathan fell ill. He died on the 28th of July, not quite sixty years of age. On the morning following his death one of his own carrier pigeons was shot near Brighton. When it was picked up there was found under one of its wings a scrap of paper, with these three words, "Il est mort."

* Somewhat smarter was a speech recorded of Nathan Rothschild's nephew, the great banker at Vienna. During the insurgent times of 1848, some six or eight republicans rushed into his counting-house, informed him that the days of liberty, equality, and fraternity had now arrived, and insisted on his sharing his wealth with them. "Well, my friends," he said, "what do you suppose is the amount of my wealth?" "Fifty million florins," answered one. "You have a good deal overrated it," was the reply; "but never mind that. There are about fifty million people in Germany; so that, according to your reckoning, each would expect a florin from me. Here are your florins. Good-morning."

